

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## A PRINCESS OF THULE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

#### "LOCHABER NO MORE."

ON a small headland of the distant island of Lewis, an old man stood looking out on a desolate waste of rain-beaten sea. It was a wild and a wet day. From out of the louring south-west, fierce gusts of wind were driving up volumes and flying rags of cloud, and sweeping onward at the same time the gathering waves that fell hissing and thundering on the shore. Far as the eye could reach, the sea and the air and the sky seemed to be one indistinguishable mass of whirling and hurrying vapour—as if beyond this point there were no more land, but only wind and water, and the confused and awful voices of their strife.

The short, thick-set, powerfully-built man who stood on this solitary point, paid little attention to the rain that ran off the peak of his sailor's cap, or to the gusts of wind that blew about his bushy grey beard. He was still following, with an eye accustomed to pick out objects far at sea, one speck of purple that was now fading into the grey mist of the rain; and the longer he looked the less it became, until the mingled sea and sky showed only the smoke that the great steamer left in its wake. As he stood there, motionless and regardless of everything around him, did he cling to the fancy that he

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could still trace out the path of the vanished ship? A little while before, it had passed almost close to him. He had watched it steam out of Stornoway harbour. As the sound of the engines came nearer, and the big boat went by, so that he could have almost called to it, there was no sign of emotion on the hard and stern face—except, perhaps, that the lips were held firm, and a sort of frown appeared over the eyes. He saw a tiny white handkerchief being waved to him from the deck of the vessel; and he said—almost as though he were addressing some one there—

"My good little girl!"

But in the midst of that roaring of the sea and the wind, how could any such message be delivered?—and already the steamer was away from the land, standing out to the lonely plain of waters, and the sound of the engines had ceased, and the figures on the deck had grown faint and visionary. But still there was that one speck of white visible; and the man knew that a pair of eyes that had many a time looked into his own—as if with a faith that such intercommunion could never be broken—were now trying, through overflowing and blinding tears, to send him a last look of farewell.

The grey mists of the rain gathered within their folds the big vessel, and all the beating hearts it contained; and the fluttering of that little token disappeared with it. All that remained

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was the sea whitened by the rushing of the wind, and the thunder of waves on the beach. The man who had been gazing so long down into the south-east, turned his face landward, and set out to walk over a tract of wet grass and sand, towards a road that ran near by. There was a large waggonette, of varnished oak, and a pair of small, powerful horses waiting for him there; and, having dismissed the boy who had been in charge, he took the reins and got up. But even yet the fascination of the sea and of that sad farewell was upon him; and he turned once more as if, now that sight could yield him no further tidings, he would send her one more word of good-bye.

"My poor little Sheila!"—that was all he said; and then he turned to the horses, and sent them on, with his head down to escape the rain, and a look on his face like that of a dead man.

As he drove through the town of Stornoway, the children playing within the shelter of the cottage doors, called to each other in a whisper, and said—

"That is the King of Borva."

But the elderly people said to each other, with a shake of the head—

"It iss a bad day, this day, for Mr. Mackenzie, that he will be going home to an empty house. And it will be a ferry bad thing for the poor folk of Borva, and they will know a great difference, now that Miss Sheila iss gone away, and there iss nobody—not anybody at all—left in the island to tek the side o' the poor folk."

He looked neither to the right nor to the left—though he was known to many of the people—as he drove away from the town into the heart of the lonely and desolate land. The wind had so far died down, and the rain had considerably lessened; but the gloom of the sky was deepened by the drawing on of the afternoon, and lay heavily over the dreary wastes of moor and hill. What a wild and dismal country was this which lay before and all around him, now that the last traces of human occupation were passed! There was not a cottage, not a stone wall, not a

fence to break the monotony of the long undulations of moorland, which, in the distance, rose into a series of hills that were black under the darkened sky. Down from those mountains, ages ago, glaciers had slowly crept to eat out hollows in the plains below; and now, in those hollows were lonely lakes, with not a tree to break the line of their melancholy shores. Everywhere around were the traces of the glacier-drift—great grey boulders of gneiss fixed fast into the black peat-moss, or set amid the browns and greens of the heather. The only sound to be heard in this wilderness of rock and morass, was the rushing of various streams, rain-swollen and turbid, that plunged down their narrow channels to the sea.

The rain now ceased altogether; but the mountains in the far south had grown still darker; and, to the fisherman passing by the coast, it must have seemed as though the black peaks were holding converse with the louring clouds, and that the silent moorland beneath was waiting for the first roll of the thunder. The man who was driving along the lonely route sometimes cast a glance down towards this threatening of a storm; but he paid little heed to it. The reins lay loose on the backs of the horses; and at their own pace they followed, hour after hour, the rising and falling road that led through the moorland and past the gloomy lakes. He may have recalled mechanically the names of those stretches of water—the Lake of the Sheiling, the Lake of the Oars, the Lake of the Fine Sand, and so forth—to measure the distance he had traversed; but he seemed to pay little attention to the objects around him, and it was with a glance of something like surprise that he suddenly found himself overlooking that great sea-loch on the western side of the island in which was his home.

He drove down the hill to the solitary little inn of Garra-na-hina. At the door, muffled up in a warm woollen plaid, stood a young girl, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and diffident in look.

"Mr. Mackenzie," she said, with that

peculiar and pleasant intonation that marks the speech of the Hebridean who has been taught English in the schools, "it wass Miss Sheila wrote to me to Suainabost, and she said I might come down from Suainabost and see if I can be of any help to you in the house."

The girl was crying, although the blue eyes looked bravely through the tears as if to disprove the fact.

"Ay, my good lassa," he said, putting his hand gently on her head, "and it wass Sheila wrote to you?"

"Yes, sir, and I hef come down from Suainabost."

"It is a lonely house you will be going to," he said, absently.

"But Miss Sheila said I wass—I wass to—"—but here the young girl failed in her effort to explain that Miss Sheila had asked her to go down to make the house less lonely. The elderly man in the waggonette seemed scarcely to notice that she was crying; he bade her come up beside him; and when he had got her into the waggonette, he left some message with the innkeeper, who had come to the door, and drove off again.

They drove along the high land that overlooks a portion of Loch Roag, with its wonderful network of islands and straits; and then they stopped on the lofty plateau of Callernish, where there was a man waiting to take the waggonette and horses.

"And you would be seeing Miss Sheila away, sir?" said the man, "and it wass Duncan Macdonald will say that she will not come back no more to Borva."

The old man with the big grey beard only frowned and passed on. He and the girl made their way down the side of the rocky hill to the shore; and here there was an open boat awaiting them. When they approached, a man considerably over six feet in height, keen-faced, grey-eyed, straight-limbed, and sinewy in frame, jumped into the big and rough boat, and began to get ready for their departure. There was just enough wind to catch the brown mainsail; and the King of Borva took the tiller, his hench-

man sitting down by the mast. And no sooner had they left the shore and stood out towards one of the channels of this arm of the sea, than the tall, spare keeper began to talk of that which made his master's eye grow dark.

"Ah, well," he said, in the plaintive drawing of his race, "and it iss an empty house you will be going to, Mr. Mackenzie, and it iss a bad thing for us all that Miss Sheila hass gone away—and it iss many's ta time she will hef been wis me in this very boat——"

"— — — —you, Duncan Macdonald!" cried Mackenzie, in an access of fury, "what will you talk of like that? It iss every man, woman, and child on the island will talk of nothing but Sheila! I will drive my foot through the bottom of the boat, if you do not hold your peace!"

The tall gillie patiently waited until his master had exhausted his passion, and then he said, as if nothing had occurred—

"And it will not do much good, Mr. Mackenzie, to tek ta name o' Kott in vain—and there will be ferry much more of that now since Miss Sheila iss gone away, and there will be much more of trinking in ta island, and it will be a great difference, mirover. And she will be so far away that no one will see her no more—far away beyond ta Sound of Sleat, and far away beyond Oban, as I hef heard people say. And what will she do in London, when she has no boat at all, and she will never go out to ta fishing, and I will hear people say that you will walk a whole day and never come to ta sea, and what will Miss Sheila do for that? And she will tame no more o' ta wild ducks' young things, and she will find out no more o' ta nests in the rocks, and she will hef no more horns when the deer is killed, and she will go out no more to see ta cattle swim across Loch Roag when they go to ta sheilings. It will be all different, all different now; and she will never see us no more—and it iss as bad as if you wass a poor man, Mr. Mackenzie, and had to let your sons and your daughters go away to America, and never come back no more. And she

ta only one in your house, and it wass the son o' Mr. Macintyre of Sutherland he would hef married her, and come to live on ta island; and not hef Miss Sheila go away among strangers that doesna ken her family, and will put no store by her, no more than if she wass a fisherman's lass. It wass Miss Sheila herself had a sore heart tis morning when she went away—and she turned and she looked at Borva as the boat came away—and I said tis is the last time Miss Sheila will be in her boat, and she will not come no more again to Borva."

Mr. Mackenzie heard not one word or syllable of all this. The dead, passionless look had fallen over the powerful features; and the deep-set eyes were gazing, not on the actual Loch Roag before them, but on the stormy sea that lies between Lewis and Skye, and on a vessel disappearing in the mist of the rain. It was by a sort of instinct that he guided this open boat through the channels, which were now getting broader as they neared the sea; and the tall and grave-faced keeper might have kept up his garrulous talk for hours, without attracting a look or a word.

It was now the dusk of the evening, and wild and strange, indeed, was the scene around the solitary boat as it slowly moved along. Large islands—so large that any one of them might have been mistaken for the mainland—lay over the dark waters of the sea, remote, untenanted, and silent. There were no white cottages along these rocky shores—only a succession of rugged cliffs and sandy bays but half mirrored in the sombre water below. Down in the south the mighty shoulders and peaks of Suainabhal and his brother mountains were still darker than the darkening sky; and when, at length, the boat had got well out from the network of islands, and fronted the broad waters of the Atlantic, the great plain of the western sea seemed already to have drawn around it the solemn mantle of the night.

"Will ye go to Borrabost, Mr. Mackenzie, or will we run her in to your own house?" asked Duncan—Borrabost

being the name of the chief village on the island.

"I will not go on to Borrabost," said the old man, peevishly. "Will they not have plenty to talk about at Borrabost?"

"And it iss no harm tat ta folk will speak of Miss Sheila," said the gillie, with some show of resentment, "it iss no harm, tey will be sorry she is gone away—no harm at all—for it wass many things tey had to thank Miss Sheila for—and now it will be all ferry different——"

"I tell you, Duncan Macdonald, to hold your peace!" said the old man, with a savage glare of the deep-set eyes; and then Duncan relapsed into a sulkily silence, and the boat held on its way.

In the gathering twilight a long grey curve of sand became visible, and into the bay thus indicated, Mackenzie turned his small craft. This indentation of the island seemed as blank of human occupation as the various points and bays they had passed; but as they neared the shore a house came into sight, about half-way up the slope rising from the sea to the pasture-land above. There was a small stone pier jutting out at one portion of the bay, where a mass of rocks was imbedded in the white sand; and here at length the boat was run in, and Mackenzie helped the young girl ashore.

The two of them—leaving the gillie to moor the little vessel that had brought them from Callernish—went silently towards the shore, and up the narrow road leading to the house. It was a square, two-storeyed substantial building of stone; but the stone had been liberally oiled to keep out the wet, and the blackness thus produced had not a very cheerful look. Then, on this particular evening, the scant bushes surrounding the house hung limp and dark in the rain; and amid the prevailing hues of purple, blue-green, and blue, the bit of scarlet coping running round the black house was wholly ineffective in relieving the general impression of dreariness and desolation.

The King of Borva walked into a



large room, which was but partially lit by two candles on the table, and by the blaze of a mass of peats in the stone fireplace, and threw himself into a big easy-chair. Then he suddenly seemed to recollect his companion, who was timidly standing near the door, with her shawl still round her head.

"Mairi," he said, "go and ask them to give you some dry clothes. Your box it will not be here for half-an-hour yet."

Then he turned to the fire.

"But you yourself, Mr. Mackenzie, you will be ferry wet ——"

"Never mind me, my lass—go and get yourself dried."

"But it wass Miss Sheila," began the girl, diffidently, "it wass Miss Sheila asked me—she asked me to look after you, sir ——"

With that he rose abruptly, and advanced to her, and caught her by the wrist. He spoke quite quietly to her, but the girl's eyes, looking up at the stern face, were a trifle frightened.

"You are a ferry good little girl, Mairi," he said, slowly, "and you will mind what I say to you. You will do what you like in the house—you will take Sheila's place as much as you like—but you will mind this, not to mention her name, not once. Now go away, Mairi, and find Scarlett Macdonald, and she will give you some dry clothes; and you will tell her to send Duncan down to Borvabost, and bring up John the Piper, and Alistair-nan-Each, and the lads of the *Nighean dubh*, if they are not gone home to Habost yet. But it iss John the Piper must come directly."

The girl went away to seek counsel of Scarlett Macdonald, Duncan's wife; and Mr. Mackenzie proceeded to walk up and down the big and half-lit chamber. Then he went to a cupboard, and put out on the table a number of tumblers and glasses, with two or three odd-looking bottles of Norwegian make—consisting of four semicircular tubes of glass meeting at top and bottom, leaving the centre of the vessel thus formed open. He stirred up the blazing peats in the fireplace. He brought down from a shelf a tin box filled with

coarse tobacco, and put it on the table. But he was evidently growing impatient; and at last he put on his cap again and went out into the night.

The air blew cold in from the sea, and whistled through the bushes that Sheila had trained about the porch. There was no rain now, but a great and heavy darkness brooded overhead; and in the silence he could hear the breaking of the waves along the hard coast. But what was this other sound he heard—wild and strange in the stillness of the night—a shrill and plaintive cry that the distance softened until it almost seemed to be the calling of a human voice? Surely those were words that he heard, or was it only that the old, sad air spoke to him?—

*"For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,  
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more"*

—that was the message that came to him out of the darkness, and it seemed to him as if the sea, and the night, and the sky were wailing over the loss of his Sheila. He walked away from the house, and up the hill behind. Led by the sound of the pipes, that grew louder and more unearthly as he approached, he found himself at length on a bit of high table-land overlooking the sea, where Sheila had had a rude bench of iron and wood fixed into the rock. On this bench sat a little old man, hump-backed and bent, and with long white hair falling down to his shoulders. He was playing the pipes—not wildly and fiercely as if he were at a drinking-bout of the lads come home from the Caithness fishing, nor yet gaily and proudly as if he were marching at the head of a bridal procession, but slowly, mournfully, monotonously, as though he were having the pipes talk to him.

Mackenzie touched him on the shoulder, and the old man started.

"Is it you, Mr. Mackenzie?" he said, in Gaelic, "it is a great fright you have given me."

"Come down to the house, John. The lads from Habost, and Alistair, and some more will be coming; and you will get a ferry good dram, John, to put wind in the pipes."

"It is no dram I am thinking of, Mr. Mackenzie," said the old man. "And you will have plenty of company without me. But I will come down to the house, Mr. Mackenzie—oh, yes. I will come down to the house—but in a little while I will come down to the house."

Mackenzie turned from him with a petulant exclamation, and went along and down the hill rapidly, as he could hear voices in the darkness. He had just got into the house, when his visitors arrived. The door of the room was opened, and there appeared some six or eight tall and stalwart men, mostly with profuse brown beards and weather-beaten faces, who advanced into the chamber with some show of shyness. Mackenzie offered them a rough and hearty welcome; and, as soon as their eyes had got accustomed to the light, bade them help themselves to the whisky on the table. With a certain solemnity each poured out a glass, and drank "*Shlainte!*" to his host as if it were some funeral rite. But when he bade them replenish their glasses, and got them seated with their faces to the blaze of the peats, then the flood of Gaelic broke loose. Had the wise little girl from Suainabost warned those big men? There was not a word about Sheila uttered. All their talk was of the reports that had come from Caithness, and of the improvements of the small harbour near the Butt, and of the black sea-horse that had been seen in Loch Suainabhal, and of some more sheep having been found dead on the Pladda Isles, shot by the men of the English smacks. Pipes were lit, the peats stirred up anew, another glass or two of whisky drunk, and then, through the haze of the smoke, the browned faces of the men could be seen in eager controversy, each talking faster than the other, and comparing facts and fancies that had been brooded over through solitary nights of waiting on the sea. Mackenzie did not sit down with them—he did not even join them in their attention to the curious whisky-flasks. He paced up and down the opposite side of the room, occasionally being

appealed to with a story or a question, and showing by his answers that he was but vaguely hearing the vociferous talk of his companions. At last he said—

"Why the teffle does not John the Piper come? Here, you men—you sing a song—quick! None of your funeral songs, but a good brisk one of trinking and fighting!"

But were not nearly all their songs—like those of most dwellers on a rocky and dangerous coast—of a sad and sombre hue, telling of maidens whose lovers were drowned, and of wives bidding farewell to husbands they were never to see again? Slow and mournful are the songs that the northern fishermen sing as they set out in the evening, with the creaking of their long oars keeping time to the music, until they get out beyond the shore to hoist the red mainsail and catch the breeze blowing over from the regions of the sunset. Not one of these Habost fishermen could sing a brisk song; but the nearest approach to it was a ballad in praise of a dark-haired girl, which they, owning the *Nighean dubh*, were bound to know. And so one young fellow began to sing, "*Mo Nighean dubh d'fhas boidbeach dubh, mo Nighean dubh na treig mi,*"<sup>1</sup> in a slow and doleful fashion, and the others joined in the chorus with a like solemnity. In order to keep time, four of the men followed the common custom of taking a pocket handkerchief (in this case, an immense piece of brilliant red silk, which was evidently the pride of its owner), and holding it by the four corners, letting it slowly rise and fall as they sang. The other three men laid hold of a bit of rope, which they used for the same purpose. "*Mo Nighean dubh,*" unlike most of the Gaelic songs, has but a few verses; and as soon as they were finished, the young fellow, who seemed pleased with his performances, started another ballad. Perhaps he had forgotten his host's injunction; perhaps he knew no merrier song; but, at any rate, he began to sing the

<sup>1</sup> "My black-haired girl, my pretty girl, my black-haired girl, don't leave me."—*Nighean dubh* is pronounced *Nyean du*.

"Lament of Monaltrie." It was one of Sheila's songs. She had sung it the night before in this very room; and her father had listened to her describing the fate of young Monaltrie as if she had been foretelling her own, and scarcely dared to ask himself if ever again he should hear the voice that he loved so well. He could not listen to the song. He abruptly left the room, and went out once more into the cool night air and the darkness. But even here he was not allowed to forget the sorrow he had been vainly endeavouring to banish; for in the far distance the pipes still played the melancholy wail of *Lochaber*. "*Lochaber no more! Lochaber no more!*" that was the only solace brought him by the winds from the sea; and there were tears running down the hard grey face as he said to himself, in a broken voice—

"Sheila, my little girl, why did you go away from Borva?"

## CHAPTER II.

### THE FAIR-HAIRED STRANGER.

"WHY, you must be in love with her yourself!"

"I in love with her? Sheila and I are too old friends for that!"

The speakers were two young men, seated in the stern of the steamer *Clansman*, as she ploughed her way across the blue and rushing waters of the Minch. One of them was a tall young fellow of three-and-twenty, with fair hair, and light blue eyes, whose delicate and mobile features were handsome enough in their way, and gave evidence of a nature at once sensitive, nervous, and impulsive. He was clad in light grey from head to heel—a colour that suited his fair complexion and yellow hair; and he lounged about the white deck in the glare of the sunlight, steadying himself from time to time, as an unusually big wave carried the *Clansman* aloft for a second or two, and then sent her staggering and groaning into a hissing trough of foam. Now and again he would pause in front of his companion, and talk in a rapid, playful, and

even eloquent fashion for a minute or two; and then, apparently a trifle annoyed by the slow and patient attention which greeted his oratorical efforts, would start off once more on his unsteady journey up and down the white planks.

The other was a man of thirty-eight, of middle height, sallow complexion, and generally insignificant appearance. His hair was becoming prematurely grey. He rarely spoke. He was dressed in a suit of rough blue cloth; and, indeed, looked somewhat like a pilot who had gone ashore, taken to study, and never recovered himself. A stranger would have noticed the tall and fair young man, who walked up and down the gleaming deck, evidently enjoying the brisk breeze that blew about his yellow hair, and the sunlight that touched his pale and fine face, or sparkled on his teeth when he laughed, but would have paid little attention to the smaller, brown-faced, grey-haired man, who lay back on the bench with his two hands clasped round his knee, and with his eyes fixed on the southern heavens, while he murmured to himself the lines of some ridiculous old Devonshire ballad, or replied in monosyllables to the rapid and eager talk of his friend.

Both men were good sailors, and they had need to be, for, although the sky above them was as blue and clear as the heart of a sapphire, and although the sunlight shone on the decks and the rigging, a strong north-easter had been blowing all the morning, and there was a considerable sea on. The far blue plain was whitened with the tumbling crests of the waves, that shone and sparkled in the sun; and ever and anon a volume of water would strike the *Clansman's* bow, rise high in the air with the shock, and fall in heavy showers over the forward decks. Sometimes, too, a wave caught her broadside, and sent a handful of spray over the two or three passengers who were safe in the stern; but the decks here remained silvery and white, for the sun and wind speedily dried up the traces of the sea-showers.

At length the taller of the young

men came and sat down by his companion.

"How far to Stornoway, yet?"

"An hour."

"By Jove, what a distance! All day yesterday getting up from Oban to Skye, all last night churning our way up to Loch Gair, all to-day crossing to this outlandish island, that seems as far away as Iceland—and for what?"

"But don't you remember the moonlight last night, as we sailed by the Cuchullins? And the sunrise this morning as we lay in Loch Gair? Were not these worth coming for?"

"But that was not what you came for, my dear friend. No. You came to carry off this wonderful Miss Sheila of yours, and of course you wanted somebody to look on, and here I am, ready to carry the ladder, and the dark lantern, and the marriage-licence. I will saddle your steeds for you, and row you over lakes, and generally do anything to help you in so romantic an enterprise."

"It is very kind of you, Lavender," said the other, with a smile; "but such adventures are not for old fogies like me. They are the exclusive right of young fellows like you, who are tall and well-favoured, have plenty of money and good spirits, and have a way with you that all the world admires. Of course the bride will tread a measure with you. Of course all the bridesmaids would like to see you marry her. And of course she will taste the cup you offer her. Then a word in her ear—and away you go as if it were the most natural thing in the world, and as if the bridegroom was a despicable creature merely because God had only given him five feet six inches. But you couldn't have a Lochinvar five feet six."

The younger man blushed like a girl, and laughed a little, and was evidently greatly pleased. Nay, in the height of his generosity he began to protest. He would not have his friend imagine that women cared only for stature and good looks. There were other qualities. He himself had observed the most singular conquests made by men who were not good-looking, but

who had a certain fascination about them. His own experience of women was considerable, and he was quite certain that the best women, now—the sort of women whom a man would respect—the women who had brains—

And so forth, and so forth. The other listened quite gravely to these well-meant, kindly, blundering explanations; and only one who watched his face narrowly could have detected, in the brown eyes, a sort of amused consciousness of the intentions of the amiable and ingenuous youth.

"Do you really mean to tell me, Ingram," continued Lavender, in his rapid and impetuous way, "do you mean to tell me that you are not in love with this Highland princess? For ages back you have talked of nothing but Sheila. How many an hour have I spent in clubs, up the river, down at the coast, everywhere, listening to your stories of Sheila, and your praises of Sheila, and your descriptions of Sheila. It was always Sheila, and again Sheila, and still again Sheila. But, do you know, either you exaggerated, or I failed to understand your descriptions; for the Sheila I came to construct out of your talk is a most incongruous and incomprehensible creature. First, Sheila knows about stone and lime and building; and then I suppose her to be a practical young woman, who is a sort of overseer to her father. But Sheila, again, is romantic, and mysterious, and believes in visions and dreams; and then I take her to be an affected school-miss. But then Sheila can throw a fly and play her sixteen-pounder, and Sheila can adventure upon the lochs in an open boat, managing the sail herself; and then I find her to be a tom-boy. But, again, Sheila is shy, and rarely speaks, but looks unutterable things with her soft and magnificent eyes; and what does that mean, but that she is an ordinary young lady, who has not been in society, and who is a little interesting, if a little stupid, while she is unmarried, and who, after marriage, calmly and complacently sinks into the dull domestic hind, whose only thought is of butcher's bills and perambulators."

This was a fairly long speech; but it was no longer than many which Frank Lavender was accustomed to utter when in the vein for talking. His friend and companion did not pay much heed. His hands were still clasped round his knee, his head leaning back; and all the answer he made was to repeat—apparently to himself—these not very pertinent lines—

*"In Ockington, in Devonsheer,  
My vather he lived vor many a yeer;  
And I his son, with him did dwell,  
To tend his sheep: 'twas doleful well.  
Diddle-diddle!"*

"You know, Ingram, it must be precious hard for a man who has to knock about in society, and take his wife with him, to have to explain to everybody that she is in reality a most unusual and gifted young person, and that she must not be expected to talk. It is all very well for him in his own house—that is to say, if he can preserve all the sentiment that made her shyness fine and wonderful before their marriage; but a man owes a little to society, even in choosing a wife."

Another pause—

*"It happened on a zartin day,  
Four score o' the sheep they rinned astray,  
Says vather to I, 'Jack, rin arter 'm, du!  
Ses I to vather, 'I'm darned if I du!  
Diddle-diddle!"*

"Now you are the sort of man, I should think, who would never get careless about your wife. You would always believe about her what you believed at first; and I daresay you would live very happily in your own house if she was a decent sort of woman. But you would have to go out into society sometimes; and the very fact that you had not got careless—as many men would, leaving their wives to produce any sort of impression they might—would make you vexed that the world could not off-hand value your wife as you fancy she ought to be valued. Don't you see?"

This was the answer—

*"Purvoct much at my rude tongue,  
A dish o' bruth at me he vlung,  
Which so incensed me to vorath,  
That I up an' knack um instantly to arth.  
Diddle-diddle!"*

"As for your Princess Sheila, I firmly believe you have some romantic notion of marrying her, and taking her up to London with you. If you seriously intend such a thing, I shall not argue with you. I shall praise her by the hour together; for I may have to depend on Mrs. Edward Ingram for my admission to your house. But if you only have the fancy as a fancy, consider what the result would be. You say she has never been to a school—that she has never had the companionship of a girl of her own age—that she has never read a newspaper—that she has never been out of this island—and that almost her sole society has been that of her mother, who educated her, and tended her, and left her as ignorant of the real world as if she had lived all her life in a light-house. Goodness gracious! what a figure such a girl would cut in South Kensington—"

"My dear fellow," said Ingram, at last, "don't be absurd. You will soon see what are the relations between Sheila Mackenzie and me, and you will be satisfied. I marry her? Do you think I would take the child to London to show her its extravagance and shallow society, and break her heart with thinking of the sea, and of the rude islanders she knew, and of their hard and bitter struggle for life? No. I should not like to see my wild Highland doe shut up in one of your southern parks, among your tame fallow deer. She would look at them askance. She would separate herself from them; and by-and-by she would make one wild effort to escape—and kill herself. That is not the fate in store for our good little Sheila; so you need not make yourself unhappy about her or me.

*"Now all ye young men, of every persuasion,  
Never quarl wi' your vather upon any  
occasion;  
For instead o' being better, you'll vind you'll  
be wuss,  
For he'll kick you out o' doors, without a  
varden in your puss!  
Diddle-diddle!"*

Talking of Devonshire, how is that young American lady you met at Torquay in the spring?"

"There, now, is the sort of woman a man would be safe in marrying."

"And how?"

"Oh, well, you know," said Frank Lavender, "I mean the sort of woman who would do you credit—hold her own in society, and that sort of thing. You must meet her some day. I tell you, Ingram, you will be delighted and charmed with her manners, and her grace, and the clever things she says—at least, everybody else is."

"Ah, well."

"You don't seem to care much for brilliant women," remarked the other, rather disappointed that his companion showed so little interest.

"Oh, yes, I like brilliant women very well. A clever woman is always a pleasanter companion than a clever man. But you were talking of the choice of a wife; and pertness in a girl, although it may be amusing at the time, may possibly become something else by-and-by. Indeed, I shouldn't advise a young man to marry an epigrammatist: for you see her shrewdness and smartness are generally the result of experiences in which *he* has had no share."

"There may be something in that," said Lavender, carelessly; "but of course, you know, with a widow it is different—and Mrs. Lorraine never does go in for the *ingénue*."

The pale blue cloud that had for some time been lying faintly along the horizon now came nearer and more near, until they could pick out something like the configuration of the island, its bays, and promontories, and mountains. The day seemed to become warmer as they got out of the driving wind of the Channel, and the heavy roll of the sea had so far subsided. Through comparatively calm water the great *Clansman* drove her way, until, on getting near the land, and under shelter of the Peninsula of Eye, the voyagers found themselves on a beautiful blue plain, with the spacious harbour of Stornoway opening out before them. There, on the one side, lay a white and cleanly town, with its shops, and quays, and shipping. Above the bay in front stood a great

grey castle, surrounded by pleasure-grounds, and terraces, and gardens; while, on the southern side, the harbour was overlooked by a semicircle of hills, planted with every variety of tree. The white houses, the blue bay, and the large grey building set amid green terraces and overlooked by wooded hills, formed a bright and lively little picture on this fresh and brilliant forenoon; and young Lavender, who had a quick eye for compositions, which he was always about to undertake, but which never appeared on canvas, declared enthusiastically that he would spend a day or two in Stornoway on his return from Borva, and take home with him some sketch of the place.

"And is Miss Sheila on the quay yonder?" he asked.

"Not likely," said Ingram. "It is a long drive across the island; and I suppose she would remain at home to look after our dinner in the evening."

"What? The wonderful Sheila look after our dinner? Has she visions among the pots and pans, and does she look unutterable things when she is peeling potatoes?"

Ingram laughed.

"There will be a pretty alteration in your tune, in a couple of days. You are sure to fall in love with her, and sigh desperately, for a week or two. You always do, when you meet a woman anywhere. But it won't hurt you much, and she won't know anything about it."

"I should rather like to fall in love with her, to see how furiously jealous you would become—However, here we are."

"And there is Mackenzie—the man with the big grey beard and the peaked cap—and he is talking to the Chamberlain of the Island."

"What does he get up on his waggonette for, instead of coming on board to meet you?"

"Oh, that is one of his little tricks," said Ingram, with a good-humoured smile. "He means to receive us in state, and impress you, a stranger, with his dignity. The good old fellow has a hundred harmless ways like that; and



you must humour him. He has been accustomed to be treated *en roi*, you know."

"Then the papa of the mysterious princess is not perfect?"

"Perhaps I ought to tell you now that Mackenzie's oddest notion is that he has a wonderful skill in managing men, and in concealing the manner of his doing it. I tell you this that you mayn't laugh, and hurt him, when he is attempting something that he considers particularly crafty, and that a child could see through."

"But what is the aim of it all?"

"Oh, nothing."

"He does not do a little bet occasionally?"

"Oh, dear, no. He is the best and honestest fellow in the world; but it pleases him to fancy that he is profoundly astute, and that other people don't see the artfulness with which he reaches some little result that is not of the least consequence to anybody."

"It seems to me," remarked Mr. Lavender, with a coolness and a shrewdness that rather surprised his companion, "that it would not be difficult to get the King of Borva to assume the honours of a papa-in-law."

The steamer was moored at last; the crowd of fishermen and loungers drew near to meet their friends who had come up from Glasgow—for there are few strangers, as a rule, arriving at Stornoway to whet the curiosity of the islanders—and the tall gillie who had been standing by Mackenzie's horses came on board to get the luggage of the young men.

"Well, Duncan," said the elder of them, "and how are you, and how is Mr. Mackenzie, and how is Miss Sheila? You haven't brought her with you, I see."

"But Miss Sheila is ferry well, whatever, Mr. Ingram, and it is a great day, this day, for her, tat you will be coming to the Lewis, and it wass tis morning she wass up at ta break o' day, and up ta hills to get some bits o' green things for ta rooms you will hef, Mr. Ingram. Ay, it iss a great day, tis day, for Miss Sheila."

"By Jove, they all rave about Sheila

up in this quarter," said Lavender, giving Duncan a fishing-rod and a bag he had brought from the cabin. "I suppose in a week's time I shall begin and rave about her too. Look sharp, Ingram, and let us have audience of his Majesty."

The King of Borva fixed his eye on young Lavender, and scanned him narrowly, as he was being introduced. His welcome to Ingram had been most gracious and friendly; but he received his companion with something of a severe politeness. He requested him to take a seat beside him, so that he might see the country as they went across to Borva; and Lavender having done so, Ingram and Duncan got into the body of the waggonette, and the party drove off.

Passing through the clean and bright little town, Mackenzie suddenly pulled up his horses in front of a small shop, in the window of which some cheap bits of jewellery were visible. The man came out; and Mr. Mackenzie explained, with some care and precision, that he wanted a silver brooch of a particular sort. While the jeweller had returned to seek the article in question, Frank Lavender was gazing around him in some wonder at the appearance of so much civilization on this remote and rarely-visited island. Here were no haggard savages, unkempt and scantily clad, coming forth from their dens in the rocks to stare wildly at the strangers. On the contrary, there was a prevailing air of comfort and "bianness" about the people and their houses. He saw handsome girls, with coal-black hair, and fresh complexions, who wore short and thick blue petticoats, with a scarlet tartan shawl wrapped round their bosom and fastened at the waist; stalwart, thick-set men, in loose blue jacket and trousers, and scarlet cap, many of them with bushy red beards; and women of extraordinary breadth of shoulder, who carried enormous loads in a creel strapped on their back, while they employed their hands in contentedly knitting stockings as they passed along. But what was the purpose of these mighty loads of fish-bones they carried—burdens that

would have appalled a railway porter of the South?

"You will see, sir," observed the King of Borva, in reply to Lavender's question, "there iss not much of the phosphates in the grass of this island; and the cows they are mad to get the fish-bones to lick, and it iss many of them you cannot milk, unless you put the bones before them."

"But why do the lazy fellows lounging about there let the women carry those enormous loads?"

Mr. Mackenzie stared.

"Lazy fellows? They hef harder work than any you will know of in your country; and, besides the fishing, they will do the ploughing, and much of the farm-work. And iss the women to do none at all? That iss the nonsense that my daughter talks; but she has got it out of books, and what do they know how the poor people hef to live?"

At this moment the jeweller returned, with some half-dozen brooches displayed on a plate, and shining with all the brilliancy of cairn-gorm stones, polished silver, and variously-coloured pebbles.

"Now, John Mackintyre, this is a gentleman from London," said Mackenzie, regarding the jeweller sternly, "and he will know all about such fine things, and you will not put a big price on them."

It was now Lavender's turn to stare; but he good-naturedly accepted the duties of referee, and eventually a brooch was selected and paid for, the price being six shillings. Then they drove on again.

"Sheila will know nothing of this—it will be a great surprise for her," said Mackenzie, almost to himself, as he opened the white box, and saw the glaring piece of jewellery lying on the white cotton.

"Good heavens, sir!" cried Frank Lavender, "you don't mean to say you bought that brooch for your daughter?"

"And why not?" said the King of Borva, in great surprise.

The young man perceived his mistake, grew considerably confused, and only said—

"Well, I should have thought that—that some small piece of gold jewellery, now, would be better suited for a young lady."

Mackenzie smiled shrewdly.

"I had something to go on. It was Sheila herself was in Stornoway three weeks ago, and she wass wanting to buy a brooch for a young girl who has come down to us from Suainabost, and is very useful in the kitchen, and it wass a brooch just like this one she gave to her."

"Yes, to a kitchenmaid," said the young man, meekly.

"But Mairi is Sheila's cousin," said Mackenzie, with continued surprise.

"Lavender does not understand Highland ways yet, Mr. Mackenzie," said Ingram, from behind. "You know we in the South have different fashions. Our servants are nearly always strangers to us—not relations and companions."

"Oh, I hef peen in London myself," said Mackenzie, in somewhat of an injured tone; and then he added, with a touch of self-satisfaction, "and I hef been in Paris too."

"And Miss Sheila, has she been in London?" asked Lavender, feigning ignorance.

"She has never been out of the Lewis."

"But don't you think the education of a young lady should include some little experience of travelling?"

"Sheila, she will be educated quite enough; and is she going to London or Paris without me?"

"You might take her."

"I have too much to do on the island now, and Sheila has much to do; I do not think she will ever see any of those places, and she will not be much the worse."

Two young men off for their holidays—a brilliant day shining all around them—the sweet air of the sea and the moorland blowing about them: this little party that now drove away from Stornoway ought to have been in the best of spirits. And, indeed, the young fellow who sat beside Mackenzie was bent on pleasing his host, by praising everything he saw. He praised the

gallant little horses that whirled them past the plantations and out into the open country. He praised the rich black peat that was visible in long lines and heaps, where the townspeople were slowly eating into the moorland. Then all these traces of occupation were left behind, and the travellers were alone in the untenanted heart of the island, where the only sounds audible were the humming of insects in the sunlight, and the falling of streams. Away in the south the mountains were of a silvery and transparent blue. Nearer at hand the rich reds and browns of the moorland softened into a tender and beautiful green on nearing the margins of the lakes; and these stretches of water were now as fair and bright as the sky above them, and were scarcely ruffled by the moor-fowl moving out from the green rushes. Still nearer at hand, great masses of white rock lay embedded in the soft soil; and what could have harmonized better with the rough and silver-grey surface than the patches of rose-red bell-heather that grew up in their clefts, or hung over their summits? The various and beautiful colours around seemed to tingle with light and warmth as the clear sun shone on them, and the keen mountain air blew over them; and the King of Borva was so far thawed by the enthusiasm of his companions, that he regarded the far country with a pleased smile, as if the enchanted land belonged to him, and as if the wonderful colours, and the exhilarating air, and the sweet perfumes, were of his own creation.

Mr. Mackenzie did not know much about tints and hues; but he believed what he heard; and it was perhaps, after all, not very surprising that a gentleman from London, who had skill of pictures and other delicate matters, should find strange marvels in a common stretch of moor, with a few lakes here and there, and some lines of mountain only good for shielings. It was not for him to check the raptures of his guest. He began to be friendly with the young man; and could not help regarding him as a more cheerful companion than his neighbour Ingram, who

would sit by your side for an hour at a time, without breaking the monotony of the horses' tramp with a single remark. He had formed a poor opinion of Lavender's physique, from the first glimpse he had of his white fingers, and girl-like complexion; but surely a man who had such a vast amount of good spirits, and such a rapidity of utterance, must have something corresponding to these qualities in substantial bone and muscle. There was something pleasing and ingenuous, too, about this flow of talk. Men who had arrived at years of wisdom, and knew how to study and use their fellows, were not to be led into these betrayals of their secret opinions; but for a young man—what could be more pleasing than to see him lay open his soul to the observant eye of a master of men? Mackenzie began to take a great fancy to young Lavender.

"Why," said Lavender, with a fine colour mantling in his cheeks, as the wind caught them on a higher portion of the road, "I had heard of Lewis as a most bleak and desolate island—flat moorland and lake—without a hill to be seen. And everywhere I see hills; and yonder are great mountains, which I hope to get nearer before we leave."

"We have mountains in this island," remarked Mackenzie, slowly, as he kept his eye on his companion, "we have mountains in this island sixteen thousand feet high."

Lavender looked sufficiently astonished; and the old man was pleased. He paused for a moment or two, and said—

"But this is the way of it: you will see that the middle of the mountains it has all been washed away by the weather, and you will only have the sides now dipping one way and the other at each side o' the island. But it is a very clever man in Stornoway will tell me that you can make out what was the height o' the mountain, by watching the dipping of the rocks on each side; and it is an older country, this island, than any you will know of, and there were the mountains sixteen thousand feet high long before all this country, and

all Scotland and England, was covered with ice."

The young man was very desirous to show his interest in this matter; but did not know very well how. At last, he ventured to ask whether there were any fossils in the blocks of gneiss that were scattered over the moorland.

"Fossils?" said Mackenzie. "Oh, I will not care much about such small things. If you will ask Sheila, she will tell you all about it, and about the small things she finds growing on the hills. That is not of much consequence to me; but I will tell you what is the best thing the island grows—it is good girls and strong men—men that can go to the fishing, and come back to plough the fields, and cut the peat, and build the houses, and leave the women to look after the fields and the gardens when they go back again to the fisheries. But it is the old people—they are ferry cunning, and they will not put their money in the bank at Stornoway, but will hide it away about the house, and then they will come to Sheila and ask for money to put a pane of glass in their house. And she has promised that to everyone who will make a window in the wall of their house; and she is very simple with them, and does not understand the old people that tell lies. But when I hear of it, I say nothing to Sheila—she will know nothing about it—but I have a watch put upon the people, and it was only yesterday I will take back two shillings she gave to an old woman of Borrobost, that told many lies. What does a young thing know of these old people? She will know nothing at all, and it is better for some one else to look after them, but not to speak one word of it to her."

"It must require great astuteness to manage a primitive people like that," said young Lavender, with an air of conviction; and the old man eagerly and proudly assented, and went on to tell of the manifold diplomatic arts he used in reigning over his small kingdom, and how his subjects lived in blissful ignorance that this controlling power was being exercised.

They were startled by an exclamation from Ingram, who called to Mackenzie to pull up the horses, just as they were passing over a small bridge.

"Look there, Lavender, did you ever see salmon jumping like that? Look at the size of them!"

"Oh, it is nothing," said Mackenzie, driving on again; "where you will see the salmon, it is in the Narrows of Loch Roag, where they come into the rivers, and the tide is low. Then you will see them jumping; and if the water was too low for a long time, they will die in hundreds and hundreds."

"But what makes them jump before they get into the rivers?"

Old Mackenzie smiled a crafty smile, as if he had found out all the ways and the secrets of the salmon.

"They will jump to look about them—that is all."

"Do you think a salmon can see where he is going?"

"And maybe you will explain this to me, then," said the King, with a compassionate air, "how is it the salmon will try to jump over some stones in the river, and he will see he cannot go over them; but does he fall straight down on the stones and kill himself? Neffer—no, neffer. He will get back to the pool he left by turning in the air—that is what I have seen hundreds of times myself."

"Then they must be able to fly as well as see in the air."

"You may say about it what you will please; but that is what I know—that is what I know very well myself."

"And I should think there were not many people in the country who knew more about salmon than you," said Frank Lavender. "And I hear, too, that your daughter is a great fisher."

But this was a blunder. The old man frowned.

"Who will tell you such nonsense? Sheila has gone out many times with Duncan, and he will put a rod in her hands—yes—and she will have caught a fish or two—but it is not a story to tell. My daughter she will have plenty to do about the house, without any of such nonsense. You will expect to find

us all savages, with such stories of nonsense."

"I am sure not," said Lavender, warmly; "I have been very much struck with the civilization of the island, so far as I have seen it; and I can assure you I have always heard of Miss Sheila as a singularly accomplished young lady."

"Yes," said Mackenzie, somewhat mollified, "Sheila has been well brought up—she is not a fisherman's lass, running about wild, and catching the salmon. I cannot listen to such nonsense—and it is Duncan will tell it."

"I can assure you, no. I have never spoken to Duncan. The fact is, Ingram mentioned that your daughter had caught a salmon or two as a tribute to her skill, you know."

"Oh, I know it was Duncan," said Mackenzie, with a deeper frown coming over his face. "I will hear some means taken to stop Duncan from talking such nonsense."

The young man—knowing nothing as yet of the child-like obedience paid to the King of Borva by his islanders—thought to himself—

*"Well, you are a very strong and self-willed old gentleman, but if I were you, I should not meddle much with that tall keeper with the eagle beak and the grey eyes. I should not like to be a stag, and know that that fellow was watching me somewhere, with a rifle in his hands."*

At length they came upon the brow of the hill overlooking Garra-na-hina<sup>1</sup> and the panorama of the western lochs and mountains. Down there on the side of the hill was the small inn, with its little patch of garden; then a few moist meadows leading over to the estuary of the Black River; and beyond that an illimitable prospect of heathy undulations rising into the mighty peaks of Cracabhal, Mealasabhal, and Suainabhal. Then on the right, leading away out to the as yet invisible Atlantic, lay the blue plain of Loch Roag, with a margin of yellow sea-weed along its shores, where the rocks revealed themselves at low water, and with a multitude of

large, variegated, and verdant islands which hid from sight the still greater Borva beyond.

They stopped to have a glass of whisky at Garra-na-hina, and Mackenzie got down from the waggonette and went into the inn.

"And this is a Highland loch!" said Lavender, turning to his companion from the south. "It is an enchanted sea—you could fancy yourself in the Pacific, if only there were some palm-trees on the shores of the islands. No wonder you took for an Eve any sort of woman you met in such a paradise."

"You seem to be thinking a good deal about that young lady."

"Well, who would not wish to make the acquaintance of a pretty girl—especially when you have plenty of time on your hands, and nothing to do but pay her little attentions, you know, and so forth, as being the daughter of your host?"

There was no particular answer to such an incoherent question; but Ingram did not seem so well pleased as he had been with the prospect of introducing his friend to the young Highland girl whose praises he had been reciting for many a day.

However, they drank their whisky, drove on to Callernish, and here paused for a minute or two to show the stranger a series of large so-called Druidical stones which occupy a small station overlooking the loch. Could anything have been more impressive than the sight of these solitary grey pillars placed on this bit of table-land high over the sea, and telling of a race that vanished ages ago and left the surrounding plains, and hills, and shores a wild and untenanted solitude? But somehow Lavender did not care to remain among those voiceless monuments of a forgotten past. He said he would come and sketch them some other day. He praised the picture all around; and then came back to the stretch of ruffled blue water lying at the base of the hill. "Where was Mr. Mackenzie's boat?" he asked.

They left the high plain, with its

<sup>1</sup> Literally *Gearaidh-na'h-Aimhne*—"the cutting of the river."



*Tuirsachan*,<sup>1</sup> or Stones of Mourning, and descended to the side of the loch. In a few moments, Duncan, who had been disposing of the horses and the waggonette, overtook them, got ready the boat, and presently they were cutting asunder the bright blue plain of summer waves.

At last they were nearing the King of Borva's home; and Ingram began to study the appearance of the neighbouring shores, as if he could pick out some feature of the island he remembered. The white foam hissed down the side of the open boat. The sun burned hot on the brown sail. Far away over the shining plain the salmon were leaping into the air, catching a quick glint of silver on their scales before they splashed again into the water. Half-a-dozen seapies, with their beautiful black and white plumage, and scarlet beaks and feet, flew screaming out from the rocks, and swept in rapid circles above the boat. A long flight of solan-geese could just be seen slowly sailing along the western horizon. As the small craft got out towards the sea, the breeze freshened slightly, and she lay over somewhat, as the brine-laden winds caught her, and tingled on the cheeks of her passengers from the softer South. Finally, as the great channel widened out, and the various smaller islands disappeared behind, Ingram touched his companion on the shoulder, looked over to a long and low line of rock and hill, and said—

"Borva!"

And this was Borva!—nothing visible but an indefinite extent of rocky shore, with here and there a bay of white sand, and over that a table-land of green pasture, apparently uninhabited.

"There are not many people on the island," said Lavender, who seemed rather disappointed with the look of the place.

"There are three hundred," said Mackenzie, with the air of one who had

experienced the difficulties of ruling over three hundred islanders.

He had scarcely spoken, when his attention was called by Duncan to some object that the gillie had been regarding for some minutes back.

"Yes, it iss Miss Sheila," said Duncan.

A sort of flash of expectation passed over Lavender's face, and he sprang to his feet. Ingram laughed. Did the foolish youth fancy he could see half as far as this grey-eyed, eagle-faced man, who had now sunk into his accustomed seat by the mast? There was nothing visible to ordinary eyes but a speck of a boat, with a single sail up, which was apparently, in the distance, running in for Borva.

"Ay, ay, ay," said Mackenzie, in a vexed way, "it is Sheila, true enough; and what will she do out in the boat at this time, when she wass to be at home to receive the gentlemen that hef come all the way from London."

"Well, Mr. Mackenzie," said Lavender, "I should be sorry to think that our coming had interfered in any way whatever with your daughter's amusements."

"Amusements!" said the old man, with a look of surprise. "It iss not amusements she will go for—that is no amusements for her. It is for some tefle of a purpose she will go, when it iss the house that is the proper place for her, with friends coming from so great a journey."

Presently it became clear that a race between the two boats was inevitable, both of them making for the same point. Mackenzie would take no notice of such a thing; but there was a grave smile on Duncan's face, and something like a look of pride in his keen eyes.

"There iss no one, not one," he said, almost to himself, "will take her in better than Miss Sheila—not one in ta island. And it wass me tat learnt her every bit o' ta steering about Borva."

The strangers could now make out that in the other boat there were two girls, one seated in the stern, the other by the mast. Ingram took out his handkerchief and waved it; a similar token of recognition was floated out from

<sup>1</sup> Another name given by the islanders to those stones is *Fir-bhreige*, "false men." Both names, "False Men" and "the Mourners," should be of some interest to antiquarians, for they will suit pretty nearly any theory.



the other vessel. But Mackenzie's boat presently had the better of the wind, and slowly drew on ahead; until, when her passengers landed on the rude stone quay they found the other and smaller craft still some little distance off.

Lavender paid little attention to his luggage. He let Duncan do with it what he liked. He was watching the small boat coming in, and getting a little impatient, and perhaps a little nervous, in waiting for a glimpse of the young lady in the stern. He could vaguely make out that she had an abundance of dark hair looped up; that she wore a small straw hat with a short white feather in it; and that for the rest, she seemed to be habited entirely in some rough and close-fitting costume of dark blue. Or was there a glimmer of a band of rose-red round her neck?

The small boat was cleverly run alongside the jetty; Duncan caught her bow and held her fast, and Miss Sheila, with a heavy string of lythe in her right hand, stepped, laughing and blushing, on to the quay. Ingram was there. She dropped the fish on the stones, and took his two hands in hers, and, without uttering a word, looked a glad welcome into his face. It was a face capable of saying unwritten things—fine and delicate in form, and yet full of an abundance of health and good spirits that shone in the deep grey-blue eyes. Lavender's first emotion was one of surprise that he should have heard this handsome, well-knit, and proud-featured girl called "little Sheila," and spoken of in a pretty and caressing way. He thought there was something almost majestic in her figure, in the poising of her head, and the outline of her face. But presently he began to perceive some singular suggestions of sensitiveness and meekness in the low, sweet brow, in the short and exquisitely-curved upper-lip, and in the look of the tender blue eyes, which had long black eye-lashes to give them a peculiar and indefinable charm. All this he noticed hastily and timidly as he heard Ingram, who still held the girl's hands in his, saying—

"Well, Sheila, and you haven't quite forgotten me? And you are grown such

a woman now—why, I mustn't call you Sheila any more, I think—but let me introduce to you my friend, who has come all the way from London to see all the wonderful things of Borva."

If there was any embarrassment or blushing during that simple ceremony, it was not on the side of the Highland girl; for she frankly shook hands with him, and said—

"And are you very well?"

The second impression which Lavender gathered from her was, that nowhere in the world was English pronounced so beautifully as in the island of Lewis. The gentle intonation with which she spoke was so tender and touching—the slight dwelling on the *e* in "very," and "well" seemed to have such a sound of sincerity about it, that he could have fancied he had been a friend of hers for a lifetime. And if she said "ferry" for "very," what then? It was the most beautiful English he had ever heard.

The party now moved off towards the shore, above the long white curve of which Mackenzie's house was visible. The old man himself led the way, and had, by his silence, apparently not quite forgiven his daughter for having been absent from home when his guests arrived.

"Now, Sheila," said Ingram, "tell me all about yourself; what have you been doing?"

"This morning!" said the girl, walking beside him with her hand laid on his arm, and with the happiest look on her face.

"This morning, to begin with. Did you catch those fish yourself?"

"Oh, no, there was no time for that. And it was Mairi and I saw a boat coming in, and it was going to Mevaig, but we overtook it, and got some of the fish, and we thought we should be back before you came. However, it is no matter since you are here. And you have been very well? And did you see any difference in Stornoway when you came over?"

Lavender began to think that Stornoway sounded ever so much more pleasant than mere Stornoway.

"We had not a minute to wait in

Stornoway. But tell me, Sheila, all about Borva and yourself—that is better than Stornoway. How are your schools getting on? And have you bribed or frightened all the children into giving up Gaelic yet? How is John the Piper—and does the Free Church minister still complain of him? And have you caught any more wild ducks and tamed them? And are there any grey geese up at Loch-an-Eilean?”

“Oh, that is too many at once,” said Sheila, laughing. “But I am afraid your friend will find Borva very lonely and dull. There is not much there at all—for all the lads are away at the Caithness fishing. And you should have shown him all about Stornoway, and taken him up to the Castle, and the beautiful gardens.”

“He has seen all sorts of castles, Sheila, and all sorts of gardens in every part of the world. He has seen everything to be seen in the great cities and countries that are only names to you. He has travelled in France, Italy, Russia, Germany, and seen all the big towns that you hear of in history.”

“That is what I should like to do, if I were a man;” said Sheila, “and many and many a time I wish I had been a man, that I could go to the fishing, and work in the fields, and then, when I had enough money, go away and see other countries and strange people.”

“But if you were a man, I should not have come all the way from London to see you,” said Ingram, patting the hand that lay on his arm.

“But if I were a man,” said the girl, quite frankly, “I should go up to London to see you.”

Mackenzie smiled grimly, and said—  
“Sheila, it is nonsense you will talk.”

At this moment Sheila turned round, and said—

“Oh, we have forgotten poor Mairi. Mairi, why did you not leave the fish for Duncan—they are too heavy for you. I will carry them to the house.”

But Lavender sprang forward, and insisted on taking possession of the thick cord with its considerable weight of lythe.

“This is my cousin Mairi,” said Sheila; and forthwith the young, fair-faced, timid-eyed girl shook hands with the gentlemen, and said—just as if she had been watching Sheila—

“And are you ferry well, sir?”

For the rest of the way up to the house, Lavender walked by the side of Sheila; and as the string of lythe had formed the introduction to their talk, it ran pretty much upon natural history. In about five minutes she had told him more about sea-birds and fish than ever he knew in his life; and she wound up this information by offering to take him out on the following morning, that he might himself catch some lythe.

“But I am a wretchedly bad fisherman, Miss Mackenzie,” he said. “It is some years since I tried to throw a fly.”

“Oh, there is no need for good fishing, when you catch lythe,” she said, earnestly. “You will see Mr. Ingram catch them. It is only a big white fly you will need, and a long line, and when the fish takes the fly, down he goes—a great depth. Then when you have got him, and he is killed, you must cut the sides, as you see that is done, and string him to a rope and trail him behind the boat all the way home. If you do not do that, it is no use at all to eat. But if you like the salmon-fishing, my papa will teach you that. There is no one,” she added, proudly, “can catch salmon like my papa—not even Duncan—and the gentlemen who come in the autumn to Stornoway, they are quite surprised when my papa goes to fish with them.”

“I suppose he is a good shot, too,” said the young man, amused to notice the proud way in which the girl spoke of her father.

“Oh, he can shoot anything. He will shoot a seal, if he comes up but for one moment above the water; and all the birds—he will get you all the birds, if you will wish to take any away with you. We have no deer on the island—it is too small for that; but in the Lewis and in Harris there are many, many thousands of deer, and my papa has many invitations when the gentlemen come up in the autumn, and if you look in the game-book of the lodges, you

will see there is not anyone who has shot so many deer as my papa—not any one whatever.”

At length they reached the building of dark and rude stone-work, with its red coping, its spacious porch, and its small enclosure of garden in front. Lavender praised the flowers in this enclosure—he guessed they were Sheila's particular care; but, in truth, there was nothing rare or delicate among the plants growing in this exposed situation. There were a few clusters of large yellow pansies, a *calceolaria* or two, plenty of wallflower, some clove pinks, and an abundance of sweet-William in all manner of colours. But the chief beauty of the small garden was a magnificent tree-fuchsia which grew in front of one of the windows, and was covered with deep rose-red flowers set amid its small and deep-green leaves. For the rest, a bit of honeysuckle was trained up one side of the porch; and at the small wooden gate there were two bushes of sweet-brier, that filled the warm air with fragrance.

Just before entering the house, the two strangers turned to have a look at the spacious landscape lying all around, in the perfect calm of a summer day. And lo! before them there was but a blinding mass of white that glared upon their eyes, and caused them to see the far sea, and the shores, and the hills as but faint shadows appearing through a silvery haze. A thin fleece of cloud lay across the sun, but the light was, nevertheless, so intense that the objects near at hand—a disused boat lying bottom upwards, an immense anchor of foreign make, and some such things—seemed to be as black as night, as they lay on the warm road. But when the eye got beyond the house and the garden, and the rough hillside leading down to Loch Roag, all the world appeared to be a blaze of calm, silent, and luminous heat. Suain-abhal and his brother mountains were only as clouds in the south. Along the western horizon, the portion of the Atlantic that could be seen, lay like a silent lake under a white sky. To get any touch of colour, they had to turn eastward, and there the sunlight faintly

fell on the green shores of Borva, on the Narrows of Loch Roag, and the loose red sail of a solitary smack that was slowly coming round a headland. They could hear the sound of the long oars. A pale line of shadow lay in the wake of the boat; but otherwise the black hull and the red sail seemed to be coming through a plain of molten silver. When the young men turned to go into the house, the hall seemed a cavern of impenetrable darkness, and there was a flush of crimson light dancing before their eyes.

When Ingram had had his room pointed out, Lavender followed him into it, and shut the door.

“By Jove, Ingram,” he said, with a singular light of enthusiasm on his handsome face, “what a beautiful voice that girl has—I have never heard anything so soft and musical in all my life—and then, when she smiles, what perfect teeth she has—and then, you know, there is an appearance, a style, a grace, about her figure—. But, I say, do you seriously mean to tell me you are not in love with her?”

“Of course I am not,” said the other, impatiently, as he was busily engaged with his portmanteau.

“Then let me give you a word of information,” said the younger man, with an air of profound shrewdness: “she is in love with you.”

Ingram rose, with some little touch of vexation on his face.

“Look here, Lavender. I am going to talk to you seriously. I wish you wouldn't fancy that everyone is in that condition of simmering love-making you delight in. You never were in love, I believe; I doubt whether you ever will be; but you are always fancying yourself in love, and writing very pretty verses about it, and painting very pretty heads. I like the verses and the paintings well enough, however they are come by; but don't mislead yourself into believing that you know anything whatever of a real and serious passion by having engaged in all sorts of imaginative and semi-poetical dreams. It is a much more serious thing than that, mind you, when it comes to a man.

And, for heaven's sake, don't attribute any of that sort of sentimental make-believe to either Sheila Mackenzie or myself. We are not romantic folks. We have no imaginative gifts whatever; but we are very glad, you know, to be attentive and grateful to those who have. The fact is, I don't think it quite fair——"

"Let us suppose I am lectured enough," said the other, somewhat stiffly. "I suppose I am as good a judge of the character of a woman as most other men, although I am no great student, and have no hard and dried rules of philosophy at my fingers' ends. Perhaps, however, one may learn more by mixing with other people, and going out into the world, than by sitting in a room with a dozen books and persuading oneself that men and women are to be studied in that fashion."

"Go away, you stupid boy, and unpack your portmanteau, and don't quarrel with me," said Ingram, putting out on the table some things he had brought for Sheila; "and if you are friendly with Sheila, and treat her like a human being, instead of trying to put a lot of romance and sentiment about her, she will teach you more than you could learn in a hundred drawing-rooms in a thousand years."

### CHAPTER III.

#### THERE WAS A KING IN THULE.

HE never took that advice. He had already transformed Sheila into a heroine during the half-hour of their stroll from the beach and around the house. Not that he fell in love with her at first sight, or anything even approaching to that. He merely made her the central figure of a little speculative romance, as he had made many another woman before. Of course, in these little fanciful dramas, written along the sky-line, as it were, of his life, he invariably pictured himself as the fitting companion of the fair creature he saw there. Who but himself could understand the sentiment of her eyes, and teach her little love-ways, and ex-

press unbounded admiration of her? More than one practical young woman, indeed, in certain circles of London society, had been informed by her friends that Mr. Lavender was dreadfully in love with her; and had been much surprised, after this confirmation of her suspicions, that he sought no means of bringing the affair to a reasonable and sensible issue. He did not even amuse himself by flirting with her, as men would willingly do who could not be charged with any serious purpose whatever. His devotion was more mysterious and remote. A rumour would get about that Mr. Lavender had finished another of those charming heads in pastel, which, at a distance, reminded one of Greuze, and that Lady So-and-so, who had bought it forthwith, had declared that it was the image of this young lady, who was partly puzzled and partly vexed by the incomprehensible conduct of her reputed admirer. It was the fashion, in these social circles, to buy those heads of Lavender, when he chose to paint them. He had achieved a great reputation by them. The good people liked to have a genius in their own set, whom they had discovered, and who was only to be appreciated by persons of exceptional taste and penetration. Lavender, the uninitiated were assured, was a most cultivated and brilliant young man. He had composed some charming songs. He had written, from time to time, some quite delightful little poems, over which fair eyes had grown full and liquid. Who had not heard of the face that he painted for a certain young lady, whom everyone expected him to marry?

The young man escaped a great deal of the ordinary consequences of this petting; but not all. He was at bottom really true-hearted, frank, and generous—generous even to an extreme; but he had acquired a habit of producing striking impressions which dogged and perverted his every action and speech. He disliked losing a few shillings at billiards, but he did not mind losing a few pounds: the latter was good for a story. Had he possessed any money to invest in shares, he would have been irritated

by small rises or small falls; but he would have been vain of a big rise, and he would have regarded a big fall with equanimity, as placing him in a dramatic light. The exaggerations produced by this habit of his, fostered strange delusions in the minds of people who did not know him very well; and sometimes the practical results—in the way of expected charities or what not—amazed him. He could not understand why people should have made such mistakes, and resented them as an injustice.

And as they sat at dinner on this still, brilliant evening in summer, it was Sheila's turn to be clothed in the garments of romance. Her father, with his great grey beard and heavy brow, became the King of Thule, living in this solitary house overlooking the sea, and having memories of a dead sweetheart. His daughter, the princess, had the glamour of a thousand legends dwelling in her beautiful eyes; and when she walked by the shores of the Atlantic, that were now getting yellow under the sunset, what strange and unutterable thoughts must appear in the wonder of her face? He remembered no more how he had pulled to pieces Ingram's praises of Sheila. What had become of the "ordinary young lady, who would be a little interesting, if a little stupid, before marriage, and, after marriage, sink into the dull, domestic hind"? There could be no doubt that Sheila often sat silent for a considerable time, with her eyes fixed on her father's face when he spoke, or turning to look at some other speaker. Had Lavender now been asked if this silence had not a trifle of dulness in it, he would have replied by asking if there were dulness in the stillness and the silence of the sea. He grew to regard her calm and thoughtful look as a sort of spell; and if you had asked him what Sheila was like, he would have answered by saying that there was moonlight in her face.

The room, too, in which this mystic princess sat, was strange and wonderful. There were no doors visible; for the four walls were throughout covered by a paper of foreign manufacture, representing spacious Tyrolese land-

scapes, and incidents of the chase. When Lavender had at first entered this chamber, his eye had been shocked by these coarse and prominent pictures—by the green rivers, the blue lakes, and the snow peaks that rose above certain ruddy chalets. There a chamois was stumbling down a ravine, and there an operative peasant, some eight or ten inches in actual length, was pointing a gun. The large figures, the coarse colours, the impossible scenes—all this looked, at first sight, to be in the worst possible taste; and Lavender was convinced that Sheila had nothing to do with the introduction of this abominable decoration. But somehow, when he turned to the line of ocean that was visible from the window, to the lonely shores of the island, and the monotony of colours showing in the still picture without, he began to fancy that there might be a craving up in these latitudes for some presentation, however rude and glaring, of the richer and more variegated life of the South. The figures and mountains on the walls became less prominent. He saw no incongruity in a whole chalet giving way, and allowing Duncan, who waited at table, to bring forth from this aperture to the kitchen, a steaming dish of salmon, while he spoke some words in Gaelic to the servants at the other end of the tube. He even forgot to be surprised at the appearance of little Mairi, with whom he had shaken hands a little while before, coming round the table with potatoes. He did not, as a rule, shake hands with servant-maids, but was not this fair-haired, wistful-eyed girl some relative, friend or companion of Sheila's; and had he not already begun to lose all perception of the incongruous or the absurd in the strange pervading charm with which Sheila's presence filled the place?

He suddenly found Mackenzie's deep-set eyes fixed upon him, and became aware that the old man had been mysteriously announcing to Ingram that there were more political movements abroad than people fancied. Sheila sat still and listened to her father as he expounded these things, and showed



that, although at a distance, he could perceive the signs of the times. Was it not incumbent, moreover, on a man who had to look after a number of poor and simple folks, that he should be on the alert?

"It iss not bekass you will live in London you will know everything," said the King of Borva, with a certain significance in his tone. "There iss many things a man does not see at his feet, that another man will see who is a good way off. The International, now——"

He glanced furtively at Lavender.

"—I hef been told there will be agents going out every day to all parts of this country and other countries, and they will hef plenty of money to live like gentlemen, and get among the poor people, and fill their minds with foolish nonsense about a revolution. Oh, yes, I hear about it all, and there iss many members of Parliament in it, and it iss every day they will get farther and farther, all working hard, though no one sees them who does not understand to be on the watch."

Here, again, the young man received a quiet, scrutinizing glance; and it began to dawn upon him, to his infinite astonishment, that Mackenzie half suspected him of being an emissary of the International. In the case of any other man, he would have laughed, and paid no heed; but how could he permit Sheila's father to regard him with any such suspicion?

"Don't you think, sir," he said, boldly, "that those Internationalists are a lot of incorrigible idiots?"

As if a shrewd observer of men and motives were to be deceived by such a protest! Mackenzie regarded him with increased suspicion, although he endeavoured to conceal the fact that he was watching the young man from time to time. Lavender saw all the favour he had won during the day disappearing; and moodily wondered when he should have a chance of explanation.

After dinner, they went outside and sat down on a bench in the garden, and the men lit their cigars. It was a cool and pleasant evening. The sun

had gone down in red fire behind the Atlantic, and there was still left a rich glow of crimson in the west, while overhead, in the pale yellow of the sky, some filmy clouds of rose-colour lay motionless. How calm was the sea out there, and the whiter stretch of water coming into Loch Roag! The cool air of the twilight was scented with sweet-brier. The wash of the ripples along the coast could be heard in the stillness. It was a time for lovers to sit by the sea, careless of the future or the past.

But why would this old man keep prating of his political prophecies, Lavender asked of himself. Sheila had spoken scarcely a word all the evening; and of what interest could it be to her to listen to theories of revolution, and the dangers besetting our hot-headed youth? She merely stood by the side of her father, with her hand on his shoulder. He noticed, however, that she paid particular attention whenever Ingram spoke; and he wondered whether she perceived that Ingram was partly humouring the old man, at the same time that he was pleasing himself with a series of monologues, interrupted only by his cigar.

"That is true enough, Mr. Mackenzie," Ingram would say, lying back with his two hands clasped round his knee, as usual; "you've got to be careful of the opinions that are spread abroad, even in Borva, where not much danger is to be expected. But I don't suppose our young men are more destructive in their notions than young men always have been. You know, every young fellow starts in life by knocking down all the beliefs he finds before him, and then he spends the rest of his life in setting them up again. It is only after some years he gets to know that all the wisdom of the world lies in the old commonplaces he once despised. He finds that the old familiar ways are the best, and he sinks into being a commonplace person, with much satisfaction to himself. My friend Lavender, now, is continually charging me with being commonplace. I admit the charge. I have drifted back into all the old ways and beliefs—about religion, and mar-



riage, and patriotism, and what not—that ten years ago I should have treated with ridicule.”

“Suppose the process continues,” suggested Lavender, with some evidence of pique.

“Suppose it does,” continued Ingram, carelessly. “Ten years hence I may be proud to become a vestryman, and have the most anxious care about the administration of the rates. I shall be looking after the drainage of houses, and the treatment of paupers, and the management of Sunday schools—But all this is an invasion of your province, Sheila,” he suddenly added, looking up to her.

The girl laughed, and said—

“Then I have been commonplace from the beginning!”

Ingram was about to make all manner of protests and apologies, when Mackenzie said—

“Sheila, it was time you will go indoors, if you have nothing about your head. Go in and sing a song to us, and we will listen to you; and not a sad song, but a good merry song. These teffles of the fishermen, it iss always drownings they will sing about, from the morning till the night.”

Was Sheila about to sing—in this clear, strange twilight, while they sat there and watched the yellow moon come up behind the southern hills? Lavender had heard so much of her singing of those fishermen’s ballads, that he could think of nothing more to add to the enchantment of this wonderful night. But he was disappointed. The girl put her hand on her father’s head, and reminded him that she had had her big greyhound Bras imprisoned all the afternoon, that she had to go down to Borvabost with a message for some people who were leaving by the boat in the morning, and would the gentlemen therefore excuse her not singing to them for this one evening?

“But you cannot go away down to Borvabost by yourself, Sheila,” said Ingram. “It will be dark before you return.”

“It will not be darker than this all the night through,” said the girl.

“But I hope you will let us go with

you,” said Lavender, rather anxiously; and she assented with a gracious smile, and went to fetch the great deerhound that was her constant companion.

And lo! he found himself walking with a princess in this wonder-land, through that magic twilight that prevails in northern latitudes. Mackenzie and Ingram had gone on in front. The large deerhound, after regarding him attentively, had gone to its mistress’s side, and remained closely there. Lavender could scarcely believe his ears that the girl was talking to him lightly and frankly, as though she had known him for years, and was telling him of all her troubles with the folks at Borvabost, and of those poor people whom she was now going to see. No sooner did he understand that they were emigrants, and that they were going to Glasgow before leaving finally for America, than in quite an honest and enthusiastic fashion he began to bewail the sad fate of such poor wretches as have to forsake their native land, and to accuse the aristocracy of the country of every act of selfishness, and to charge the Government with a shameful indifference. But Sheila brought him up suddenly. In the gentlest fashion she told him what she knew of these poor people, and how emigration affected them, and so forth, until he was ready to curse the hour in which he had blundered into taking a side on a question about which he cared nothing and knew less.

“But some other time,” continued Sheila, “I will tell you what we do here, and I will show you a great many letters I have from friends of mine who have gone to Greenock, and to New York, and Canada. Oh yes, it is very bad for the old people—they never get reconciled to the change—never; but it is very good for the young people, and they are glad of it, and are much better off than they were here. You will see how proud they are of the better clothes they have, and of good food, and money to put in the bank; and how could they get that in the Highlands, where the land is so poor that a small piece is of no use, and they have not money to rent the large sheep-farms. It is very bad

to have people go away—it is very hard on many of them—but what can they do? The piece of ground that was very good for the one family, that is expected to keep the daughters when they marry, and the sons when they marry, and then there are five or six families to live on it. And hard work—that will not do much, with very bad land, and the bad weather we have here. The people get down-hearted when they have their crops spoiled by the long rain, and they cannot get their peats dried; and very often the fishing turns out bad, and they have no money at all to carry on the farm. But now you will see Borvabost."

Lavender had to confess that this wonderful princess would persist in talking in a very matter-of-fact way. All the afternoon, while he was weaving a luminous web of imagination around her, she was continually cutting it asunder, and stepping forth as an authority on the growing of some wretched plants, or the means by which rain was to be excluded from window-sills. And now, in this strange twilight, when she ought to have been singing of the cruelties of the sea, or listening to half-forgotten legends of mermaids—she was engaged with the petty fortunes of men and girls who were pleased to find themselves prospering in the Glasgow police-force, or educating themselves in a milliner's shop in Edinburgh. She did not appear conscious that she was a princess. Indeed, she seemed to have no consciousness of herself at all; and was altogether occupied in giving him information about practical subjects in which he professed a profound interest he certainly did not feel.

But even Sheila, when they had reached the loftiest part of their route, and could see beneath them the island and the water surrounding it, was struck by the exceeding beauty of the twilight; and as for her companion, he remembered it many a time thereafter, as if it were a dream of the sea. Before them lay the Atlantic—a pale line of blue, still, silent, and remote. Overhead, the sky was of a clear, thin gold, with heavy masses of violet cloud stretched across from north to south, and thickening as

they got near to the horizon. Down at their feet, near the shore, a dusky line of huts and houses was scarcely visible; and over these lay a pale blue film of peat-smoke that did not move in the still air. Then they saw the bay into which the White Water runs, and they could trace the yellow glimmer of the river stretching into the island through a level valley of bog and morass. Far away towards the east, lay the bulk of the island—dark green undulations of moorland and pasture; and there, in the darkness, the gable of one white house had caught the clear light of the sky, and was gleaming westward like a star. But all this was as nothing to the glory that began to shine in the south-east, where the sky was of a pale violet over the peaks of Mealasabhal and Suainabhal. There, into the beautiful dome, rose the golden crescent of the moon, warm in colour, as though it still retained the last rays of the sunset. A line of quivering gold fell across Loch Roag, and touched the black hull and spars of the boat in which Sheila had been sailing in the morning. That bay down there, with its white sands and massive rocks, its still expanse of water, and its background of mountain-peaks palely coloured by the yellow moonlight, seemed really a home for a magic princess who was shut off from all the world. But here, in front of them, was another sort of sea, and another sort of life—a small fishing-village hidden under a cloud of pale peat smoke, and fronting the great waters of the Atlantic itself, which lay under a gloom of violet clouds.

"Now," said Sheila, with a smile, "we have not always weather as good as this in the island. Will you not sit on the bench over there with Mr. Ingram, and wait until my papa and I come up from the village again?"

"May not I go down with you?"

"No. The dogs would learn you were a stranger, and there would be a great deal of noise, and there will be many of the poor people asleep."

So Sheila had her way; and she and her father went down the hill-side into the gloom of the village, while Lavender

went to join his friend Ingram, who was sitting on the wooden bench, silently smoking a clay pipe.

"Well, I have never seen the like of this," said Lavender, in his impetuous way, "it is worth going a thousand miles to see! Such colours and such clearness—and then the splendid outlines of those mountains, and the grand sweep of this loch—this is the sort of thing that drives me to despair, and might make one vow never to touch a brush again. And Sheila says it will be like this all the night through."

He was unaware that he had spoken of her in a very familiar way; but Ingram noticed it.

"Ingram," he said, suddenly, "that is the first girl I have ever seen whom I should like to marry."

"Stuff."

"But it is true. I have never seen anyone like her—so handsome, so gentle, and yet so very frank in setting you right. And then she is so sensible, you know, and not too proud to have much interest in all sorts of common affairs——"

There was a smile on Ingram's face; and his companion stopped, in some vexation.

"You are not a very sympathetic confidant."

"Because I know the story of old. You have told it me about twenty women; and it is always the same. I tell you, you don't know anything at all about Sheila Mackenzie yet; perhaps you never may. I suppose you will make a heroine of her, and fall in love with her for a fortnight, and then go back to London and get cured by listening to the witticisms of Mrs. Lorraine."

"Thank you very much."

"Oh, I didn't mean to offend you. Some day, no doubt, you will love a woman for what she is, not for what you fancy her to be; but that is a piece of good fortune that seldom occurs to a youth of your age. To marry in a dream, and wake up six months after-

wards—that is the fate of ingenuous twenty-three. But don't you let Mackenzie hear you talk of marrying Sheila, or he'll have some of his fishermen throw you into Loch Roag."

"There, now, that is one point I can't understand about her," said Lavender, eagerly. "How can a girl of her shrewdness and good sense have such a belief in that humbugging old idiot of a father of hers, who fancies me a political emissary, and plays small tricks to look like diplomacy? It is always 'My papa can do this,' and 'My papa can do that,' and 'There is no one at all like my papa.' And she is continually fondling him, and giving little demonstrations of affection, of which he takes no more notice than if he were an Arctic bear."

Ingram looked up, with some surprise in his face.

"You don't mean to say, Lavender," he said, slowly, "that you are already jealous of the girl's own father?"

He could not answer, for at this moment Sheila, her father, and the big greyhound came up the hill. And again it was Lavender's good fortune to walk with Sheila across the moorland path they had traversed some little time before. And now the moon was still higher in the heavens, and the yellow lane of light that crossed the violet waters of Loch Roag quivered in a deeper gold. The night air was scented with the Dutch clover growing down by the shore. They could hear the curlew whistling, and the plover calling, amid that monotonous plash of the waves that murmured all around the coast. When they returned to the house, the darker waters of the Atlantic, and the purple clouds of the west, were shut out from sight; and before them there was only the liquid plain of Loch Roag, with its pathway of yellow fire, and far away on the other side the shoulders and peaks of the southern mountains, that had grown grey, and clear, and sharp in the beautiful twilight. And this was Sheila's home.

*To be continued.*

## SOUTH SEA SLAVERY: KIDNAPPING AND MURDER.

As far back as 1868 the deportation of the South Sea Islanders had challenged the attention of the British Government. It was known that one of our Australian colonies, Queensland, was regularly importing labour from the Pacific for plantation work; and though there were few instances—we believe only one well authenticated—of these natives being treated with neglect on a Queensland station, it was notorious that they were not all there voluntarily, but that many had been enticed on board the vessels and forcibly deported. In fact, so far as the actual procuring of labour, the trade was kidnapping. The Queensland Legislature, to their credit, stepped in and passed an act to regulate Polynesian labour. Since then the traffic has been carried on as free from abuses as may be. We use the qualification advisedly; for though we rise from a perusal of the voluminous blue-books on the subject with a conviction that Queensland has purged herself from the odium of a slave state, we maintain that no regulations can control the procuring of coolie labour. No one who considers the hundreds of islands scattered about the Pacific, the various dialects and languages, the powers of the chiefs over the tribes, and the possibilities of agents treating with the chiefs, will imagine that the Kanaka always comes on board *suâ sponte*, or understands the nature of the agreement he signs.

With the Queensland legal labour traffic, however, we are not at present concerned. But in drawing the picture we propose of the murder, fraud, outrages, and piracy of the South Pacific slave trade, we are anxious to do Queensland the justice she is entitled to. Her Government places a paid agent on board each vessel employed between the islands and the colony, as a check upon decoying and kidnapping, and has met

the overtures of the Home Government by undertaking the cost of prosecutions brought by imperial cruisers before their Supreme Court. Apart and distinct from Queensland, another community, in the heart of the Pacific, was crying out for the importation of labour.

In 1859, Mr. Pritchard, H.M. Consul in Fiji, came to England to communicate the cession by the King Cacaban (Thakomban, Thakoban) to her Majesty of the Fiji Islands. What he offered was the actual sovereignty over the whole group, ratified by all the chiefs assembled in council. The Government thereupon despatched Col. Smythe, R.A., and Dr. Berthold Seemann, a name well known to botanists, to investigate on the spot. Colonel Smythe reported, in opposition to the views of several naval officers who had served in those waters, that annexation was not to the interest of Great Britain, asserting that it was not in the power of the King to carry out his engagements—an assertion which we can find nothing in the records of the mission to warrant. The Government acted upon this report, and Capt. Jenkins, in H.M.S. *Miranda*, was ordered to Fiji to communicate the decision. Fiji was left to follow its own devices, and work out its own salvation, with, we may well add, fear and trembling. Meanwhile it was gradually attracting to its shores a population, mixed indeed, but mainly drawn from the Australian continent. Some were undoubtedly men of genuine enterprise, drawn by the promise of successful cotton-planting; but the majority were the waifs and strays, the Bohemians of Australia, many of them bankrupt in name and fortune. On December 31st, 1871, the number of white residents had reached 2,040, scattered over several islands, while the native population was rated 146,000. There has been a steady increase since.

In 1864 the Europeans in Fiji, in need of labour for their cotton-growing, turned their attention to the New Hebrides as a source of supply. In 1867 the New Hebrides missionaries of the Reformed Presbyterian Church furnished a statement to the Synod in Scotland, which very circumstantially sought to prove the native traffic was simply a slave-trade. Readers will, according to their bias, attach more or less credence to the assertions of missionaries. Where these latter encounter traders and settlers on the same semi-barbarous soil, jealousies will exist and counter-accusations be bandied: and the Pacific has proved no exception. Admiral Guillain, the Governor of New Caledonia, stated to Captain Palmer, of H.M.S. *Rosario*, that the missionaries at the Loyalty Islands connived at the kidnapping, and engaged in trade with the natives. Be that as it may, Captain Palmer ascertained that between May 1865 and June 1868, a brisk trade in natives had been carried on by British vessels.

By August 1869 Lord Clarendon had grounds to write: "A slave-trade with the South Sea Islands is gradually being established by British speculators for the benefit of British settlers. . . . Reports of entry are evaded, fictitious sales of vessels are made, kidnapping is audaciously practised. . . . An intolerable responsibility will be thrown upon her Majesty's Government if the present state of things as regards the introduction of immigrants into the Fiji islands is allowed."

Bishop Patteson, in a letter to the Bishop of Sydney, writes (1868): "I am very anxious as to what I may find going on, for I have conclusive moral (though, perhaps, not legal) proof of very disgraceful and cruel proceedings on the part of traders kidnapping natives and selling them to the French in New Caledonia and in Fiji, and, I am informed, in Queensland. Whatever excuses may be (and have been) made as to the treatment they receive at the hand of the planters, and the protection they may have from a consul when landed, it is quite certain that no

supervision is exercised over the traders at the islands. All statements of 'contracts' made with wild native men are simply false. The parties don't know how to speak to each other, and no native could comprehend the (civilized) idea of a 'contract.' One or two friendly men, who have been on board these vessels (not in command), and were horrified at what they saw, have kindly warned me to be on my guard, as they may retaliate (who can say unjustly or unreasonably, from their point of view?) upon the first white men they see, connecting them naturally with the perpetrators of the crime."

The existence of a systematic slave-trade was established beyond a doubt. The rapid increase of white settlers, and the demand for black labour, were alike favourable to the "blackbird-catching," as the term goes, in the South Seas. The market was expanding, and the article rising in value. It was not to be expected that the men who were engaged in this nefarious traffic would be very scrupulous as to the means employed for catching the natives, or squeamish as to their treatment on ship-board. Murder was added to man-stealing. The horrors of the trade were increased by native reprisals. Massacre was the only return these savages could make for the blessings of contact with the European trader: and on Sept. 28, 1871, at the island of Nukapu, Swallow group, John Coleridge Patteson, Missionary Bishop of Melanesia, paid the debt his countrymen had incurred, and won the crown of martyrdom.

We cannot here attempt to do justice to the memory of that noble man and his noble work. Neither the one nor the other are to be introduced & *παρίστανον*. But no record of the South Sea slavery would be complete if it did not mention, however briefly, the story of its greatest victim.

Great as was the shock caused by the news of the Bishop's murder, and irreparable as seemed the loss, a more fitting end could not have been found to close such a life. We doubt if his life, if prolonged, could have wrought so much good as his death.



No one in the Australian and Pacific Seas affects to question that it was the result of the kidnapping and murdering which had been going on unchecked in the Melanesian group. Those who know the Pacific, know that revenge is a religious duty binding upon the whole tribe, and threatening every member of the wrongdoer's tribe. All the circumstances of the Bishop's murder prove it to have been a premeditated, pre-arranged act, executed for tribal reasons, without *personal* animosity against the victim. The body was un mutilated save by the death-stroke, and it was placed in a canoe that it might float back to his own people.

It now remains to sketch the practices of the traders in procuring labour, and the atrocities perpetrated on the voyage. Unfortunately for the credit of our countrymen in Australia, fortunately for the case we desire to state, we have no need to cite "missionary yarns," nor quote from a volume which contains such unwarranted aspersions of the New South Wales authorities as Captain Palmer's "Kidnapping in the South Seas."<sup>1</sup> Nor have we very far back to travel in point of time. On the 19th of November, 1872, at the Central Criminal Court at Sydney, Joseph Armstrong, James Clancy, S. McCarthy, William Turner, George Woods, John Bennett, Thomas Shields, and Augustus Shiegott were charged with having, on the 20th February, 1872, on board a British vessel called the *Carl*, unlawfully assaulted, beaten, wounded, and ill-treated

a man named Jage, the said prisoners being master and part of the crew of the said vessel. On the following day Armstrong (the captain) and Dowden were tried for murder on the high seas. Clancy, McCarthy, Turner, Woods, and Shiegott were sentenced to two years' imprisonment, Armstrong and Dowden to death. When the news reached Melbourne, the Victorian Government at once put their police in motion to arrest any persons in Victoria who might be implicated. Two men, Messrs. H. C. Mount and Morris, were arrested, brought before the Police-court on December 5th, and committed for trial on the capital charge. On the 19th and 20th they stood their trial in the Supreme Court, before the Chief Justice, a verdict of manslaughter being returned. From the evidence given in the respective courts, we shall construct a narrative of the case.

On June 8th, 1871, the brig *Carl* left Melbourne for Leonka, Fiji. Her owner, Dr. James Patrick Murray, sailed as supercargo. On arrival, having changed her captain and crew, she started on her first kidnapping expedition in Western Polynesia, returning to Fiji to dispose of her labour. On a second voyage Dr. Murray was attacked by serious illness, and brought to death's door. Whether from genuine repentance, remorse, or sheer fright at the prospect of death, on the return of the *Carl* to Leonka, Dr. Murray, the instigator and principal of the bloody deeds we have to relate, disclosed the secrets of the voyage to Mr. Marsh, British consul, who admitted him Queen's evidence, and gave him a certificate to that effect, to be his protection in Sydney. The New South Wales Government felt bound to abide by this action of the consul, and Dr. Murray was admitted "approver," and formed the principal witness in the case. In Victoria, Matthias Devescote, one of the crew, who was arrested on the same charge as Mount and Morris, was accepted as Queen's evidence. We have no need to add to the horrors of the picture by any heightening of the colours. No descriptive language based upon the evidence could leave half such

<sup>1</sup> Lord Kimberley, in a despatch to Lord Belmore of 8th January, 1872, writes: "I request that your lordship will inform Mr. Robertson that, in my opinion, his statement completely exonerates the Government of the Colony from the charges brought against them by Captain Palmer in the work in question." Captain Palmer, in a letter to the Secretary to the Admiralty, 27th January, 1872, withdraws all the expressions complained of, "and I have only to add that the paragraphs alluded to shall be expunged if my book should go through another edition." But the book may not reach a second edition, and many who have taken their impressions from the first will not see the Parliamentary correspondence from which we quote. The best cause is damaged by such intemperate zeal.



an impression as the plain, unvarnished disclosures of the agents who told the tale of their own deeds.

James Patrick Murray deposed: "I am a medical man. I was part owner of the British ship *Carl*, sailing under British colours. I was first residing at Melbourne. We left Melbourne for Leonka, with passengers, on a cotton-plantation speculation . . . We tried to get labour in a legitimate way, but without success. The next island we went to was Palma, and there we tried to get labour by that again; we were, however, not able to capture the natives at that island. *One of the passengers (Mr. Mount), dressed as a missionary, attempted to lure the natives on board, but it failed. . . . We went on to several islands, and captured the natives, generally by breaking or upsetting their canoes and by getting the natives out of the water into which they were plunged. We broke up the canoes by throwing pig iron into them.* The passengers used to pick up the natives, and used sometimes to hit them on the head, in the water, with clubs, or with sling-shot when they dived to get out of the way. And so on from island to island. In a short time we had about eighty natives on board. . . . On the 12th or 13th September there was a disturbance during the night. . . . On the following night it commenced again, and the man on the watch fired a pistol over the hatchway, and shouted, to frighten them, as on the previous night. Other methods were tried to quiet them, but all the methods failed; the men below (natives) appeared to be breaking down the bunks, and with the poles so obtained they armed themselves, as with spears, and fiercely attacked the main hatchway. They endeavoured to force up the main hatchway with their poles. The row now appeared to have started in a fight between the quiet natives and the wild ones. Most of the wild ones were battering at the hatch. The attempts to pacify the men below having failed, the crew commenced to fire on them. The firing was kept up most of the night. I think everyone on board was more or less engaged in firing down the

hold. . . . During the night, by way of directing aim, Mr. Wilson, one of the passengers, threw lights down into the hold." At daylight it appeared "there were about sixteen badly wounded and above eight or nine slightly. In the hold there was a great deal of blood with the dead bodies. The dead men were at once thrown overboard. *The sixteen badly wounded were also thrown overboard. . . . I saw that the men so thrown overboard were alive.* We were out of sight of the land. *Some were tied by the legs and by the hands."*

R. Wilson, a passenger, corroborated Murray's witness in the main.

George Heath, a seaman, gave evidence not so favourable to Murray, as that miscreant had suppressed certain facts. On the night of the disturbance "saw Dr. Murray with a musket in his hand singing the song 'Marching through Georgia.' At daylight a party went into the forehatch and fired in amongst the natives. Believed it was Murray and another man now in Leonka."

We must not omit that the poor wretches who were not butchered, were, on their way to Leonka, taught to hold up their fingers and to say "three yam," meaning three years, as though they had agreed to give three years' service.

On one of the prisoners, a warder in the Sydney gaol found a log of the cruise. We give some specimens.

"*Monday, 15th January (1872).* Got five men down in the fore-castle threading beads, and hauled the ladder up. Five more were laid hold of on deck and shoved down in the hold. The ship was then got under way for Santo.—*January 22.* At night, in the first watch, one of the stolen blacks slipped over the rail: whether he fetched the land or was drowned, I don't know.—*February 4.* Got under way, and went closer in shore. This day stole twelve natives—four women and eight men. One woman came off to give them warning and she got nailed.—*February 9.* Stole four men. Three swam for the reef. Lowered boats and picked them up. Kept one. The other two were old men. Took them on shore, and three came on board to take canoe on

ashore, and were kept on board. However they got two women for the old man.—*February 27.* Mem. of Malgrave Islanders jumping overboard and fired at.—*March 5.* Cook going to clear out, but brought up quick with a pistol, after which he went to sleep." But we need not multiply these revelations.

The evidence given on the trial of Mount and Morris in Melbourne supplies some particulars not elicited in the Sydney trial, and we shall give such extracts as appear to us to throw additional light on the incidents of this iniquitous slave-trade.

Matthias Devescote deposed: "We fitted up the hold with saplings. When I saw that the poles were taken in, I thought that the pearl-fishing expedition was cooked then, but it was too late to back out. . . . I heard Dr. Murray say (this was off Palma), 'This is a big ship, and we can make it pass for a missionary ship. If we disguise ourselves we can get some of the natives to come on board, and can then put them down below.'" Another witness will supplement this:—

James Fallon deposed: "The captain and Wilson went ashore. The former turned a coat inside out and put it on. Wilson dressed himself in an unusual way. Mick, a sailor, put on a blue coat, and old Bob, one of the Kanakas, put something round his cap. Mount was dressed in a long red shirt and smoking-cap, but he did not go ashore. They said they would dress like missionaries. Mount got up on top of the house on deck and walked about. He held a book in his hand. The ship was anchored about a couple of hundred yards from the shore. . . . Wilson commenced singing 'Marching through Georgia' and 'Wait for the Tide.' Wilson tore out some of the leaves of a book he had with him and gave them to the natives, who fell upon their knees before he commenced to sing. They were kneeling down all round him."

Devescote relates when the canoes were alongside: "I had heard Murray say to the captain to get all ready, and he would give the word of command. Murray said, 'Are you ready, Captain?'

and he said 'Yes,' and Murray said 'When I say one—two—three, let the men jump on the canoes.' This was done. . . . Dr. Murray would say, 'Are you ready? Look out! one—two—three,' and then the crew would be lowered down, the canoes swamped, and the men thrown into the water. . . . The natives were very bruised when they came on board, and the bilge-water of the two boats was mixed with blood.

. . . Canoes were smashed again, as usual." On the night of the row in the hold he saw "Scott, Dr. Murray, Captain Armstrong and others firing down into the hold. . . . At one o'clock in the morning the mate raised a cry that the natives had charge of the deck, and Dr. Murray called out, 'Shoot them, shoot them; shoot every one of them.' At four o'clock everything was quiet. . . . One of the crew said, 'Why, there is not a man dead in the hold,' and Mount said 'That is well.' Dr. Murray put down his coffee and went forward. He was absent about five minutes, and then returned and fetched his revolver. *The second mate got an inch auger, and bored some holes in the bulkheads of the fore-cabin, through which Dr. Murray fired.*

. . . *The first and second mates fired as well. After a bit Dr. Murray came aft. Lewis, the second mate, said, 'What would people say to my killing twelve niggers before breakfast?' Dr. Murray replied, 'My word, that's the proper way to pop them off.' Lewis said, 'That's a fine plan to get at them,' meaning the holes bored in the bulkhead.* The throwing over of the wounded is told—the first, a boy, wounded in the wrist, being pushed overboard by Murray. The dead were hauled up by a bowline, and thrown overboard—thirty-five. The hold was washed, scrubbed, and cleaned up, and ultimately whitewashed. The vessel was boarded subsequently by an officer from H.M.S. *Rosario*, but he seems to have left satisfied. Murray wanted to procure more labour, but after this last butchery passengers and crew alike refused to have any more of such work.

The consular inspection was as perfunctory as the man-of-war's. "We

had about fifty natives when we reached Leonka. Consul March then came on board and passed these natives. He asked Lewis, the supercargo, who was also second mate, how he got the natives. Of course Lewis swore he got them in a proper manner. The consul asked Lewis if the natives could answer to their names, and Lewis said 'Yes.' 'Then,' said the consul, 'will you swear you got these men by right means?' 'Yes,' said Lewis. 'How long were they engaged for?' 'Three years,' said Lewis. One of the niggers was then called, and asked by the supercargo 'How long? How many yams?' The poor innocent nigger held up three fingers and said, 'Three fellow yams.' The consul then said the men were passed, and that was all the inquiry he had made. Lewis was the interpreter. There was no other." This is one of the heroes of the anger-hole butchery. Could this farce be exceeded?

We have selected the latest and best-authenticated case of slavery in the South Seas. But these atrocities have been paralleled within the last few years, and the *Carl* brig is no singular offender. Two points, however, are prominently brought out by this case—the uselessness of our war-ships for the purpose of regulating the traffic by overhauling and examining the labour-vessels, and the farce of consular inspection. The *Carl* was boarded from H.M.S. *Rosario*, not long after the massacre, and no suspicion excited. The survivors of the massacre were examined by Consul March. If the examination was as superficial as stated in evidence, we need not wonder that such a humbug and sham left the natives where it found them. The regulation of this traffic is a myth. Consul March has swelled the blue-books with the exhaustive and comprehensive system he has planned for preventing the abuses of the trade; and he has shown us his practical working of them.

The only satisfactory regulation is total suppression. Total suppression is the duty of Great Britain, and there is only one way to do it—viz. to convert

the Fiji Islands into a British colony. The situation at present is full of difficulties awaiting solution. King Cacoban has blessed his subjects with a Constitution, and a responsible Ministry of seven—five of whom are whites—a Legislature, and a Chief Justice. A large number of British subjects have protested against the establishment of the Government there, and have announced their determination to resist it, on the ground that British subjects, who constitute the majority of the white population, cannot form themselves into a separate nation. Lord Kimberley has directed Colonial Governors to deal with it as a *de facto* Government. The Law Officers of the Crown have advised that her Majesty's Government may interfere with the acts of British subjects within Fiji, and that British subjects beyond the limits of the new state, not yet duly recognized, should not be accepted as citizens of the new state. Meanwhile, the British consul declines to give any official recognition to this Government, and according to the complaint of the leading member of Cacoban's Cabinet, opposes it in every way, thwarts and impedes its every action, and encourages resistance to its authority.

If England would boldly assume the sovereignty of the Fijis, we should very shortly witness the extinction of the slave-trade, and the cessation of the native feuds, the civilization and settlement of the islands, the spread of the Christian religion, and the protection and welfare of the British subject. Had she accepted the offer made her in 1859, the South Seas might have been spared the horrors and atrocities perpetrated by British man-stealers. The bulk of the white population would now gladly see her assume the sovereignty. Neither Cacoban nor his natives can feel very strongly about their Constitution or the Ministry of the day; and the Pacific Islanders would find established in their midst a power which would protect right by might.

EDWIN GORDON BLACKMORE.

*House of Assembly, Adelaide.*

## BALLIOL SCHOLARS

1840-43.

## A REMEMBRANCE.

## I.

WITHIN the ancient College-gate I passed,  
 Looked round once more upon the well-known square :  
 Change had been busy since I saw it last,  
 Replacing crumbled walls by new and fair ;  
 The old chapel gone—a roof of statelier show  
 Soared high—I wondered if it sees below  
 As pure heart-worship, as confiding prayer.

## II.

But though walls, chapel, garden, all are changed,  
 And through these courts quick generations fleet,  
 There are whom still I see round table ranged,  
 In chapel snowy-stoled for matins meet ;  
 Though many faces since have come and gone,  
 Changeless in memory these still live on,  
 A Scholar brotherhood, high-souled and complete.

## III.

From old foundations where the nation rears  
 Her darlings, came that flower of England's youth,  
 And here in latest teens, or riper years,  
 Stood drinking in all nobleness and truth.  
 By streams of Isis 'twas a fervid time,  
 When zeal and young devotion held their prime,  
 Whereof not unreceptive these in sooth.

## IV.

The voice that weekly from St. Mary's spake,  
 As from the unseen world oracular,  
 Strong as another Wesley, to re-wake  
 The sluggish heart of England, near and far,  
 Voice so intense to win men, or repel,  
 Piercing yet tender, on these spirits fell,  
 Making them other, higher than they were.

## V.

Foremost one stood, with forehead high and broad,—  
Sculptor ne'er moulded grander dome of thought,—  
Beneath it, eyes dark-lustred rolled and glowed,  
Deep wells of feeling where the full soul wrought;  
Yet lithe of limb, and strong as shepherd boy,  
He roamed the wastes and drank the mountain joy,  
To cool a heart too cruelly distraught.

## VI.

The voice that from St. Mary's thrilled the hour,  
He could not choose but let it in, though loath;  
Yet a far other voice with earlier power  
Had touched his soul and won his first heart-troth,  
In school-days heard, not far from Avon's stream:  
Anon there dawned on him a wilder dream,  
Opening strange tracts of thought remote from both.

## VII.

All travail pangs of thought too soon he knew,  
All currents felt, that shake these anxious years,  
Striving to walk to tender conscience true,  
And bear his load alone, nor vex his peers.  
From these, alas! too soon he moved apart;  
Sorrowing they saw him go, with loyal heart,  
Such heart as greatly loves, but more reveres.

## VIII.

Away o'er Highland Bens and glens, away  
He roamed, rejoicing without let or bound.  
And, yearning still to vast America,  
A simpler life, more freedom, sought, not found.  
Now the world listens to his lone soul-songs;  
But he, for all its miseries and wrongs  
Sad no more, sleeps beneath Italian ground.

## IX.

Beside that elder scholar one there stood,  
On Sunday mornings 'mid the band white-stoled,  
As deep of thought, but chastened more of mood,  
Devout, affectionate, and humble-souled.  
There, as he stood in chapel, week by week,  
Lines of deep feeling furrowed down his cheek  
Lent him, even then, an aspect strangely old.



## X.

Not from the great foundations of the land,  
But from a wise and learned father's roof,  
His place he won amid that scholar band,  
Where finest gifts of mind were put to proof;  
And if some things he missed which great schools teach,  
More precious traits he kept, beyond their reach,—  
Shy traits that rougher world had scared aloof.

## XI.

Him early prophet souls of Oriel  
A boy-companion to their converse drew,  
And yet his thought was free, and pondered well  
All sides of truth, and gave to each its due.  
O pure wise heart, and guileless as a child!  
In thee, all jarring discords reconciled,  
Knowledge and reverence undivided grew.

## XII.

Ah me! we dreamed it had been his to lead  
The world by power of deeply-pondered books,  
And lure a rash and hasty age to heed  
Old truths set forth with fresh and winsome looks;  
But he those heights forsook for the low vale  
And sober shades, where dwells misfortune pale,  
And sorrow pines in unremembered nooks.

## XIII.

Where'er a lone one lay and had no friend,  
A son of consolation there was he;  
And all life long there was no pain to tend,  
No grief to solace, but his heart was free;  
And then, his years of pastoral service done,  
And his long suffering meekly borne, he won  
A grave of peace by England's southern sea.

## XIV.

More than all arguments in deep books stored,  
Than any preacher's penetrative tone,  
More than all music by rapt poet poured,  
To have seen thy life, thy converse to have known,  
Was witness for thy Lord—that thus to be  
Humble, and true, and loving, like to thee—  
This was worth living for, and this alone.

## XV.

Fair-haired and tall, slim, but of stately mien,  
Inheritor of a high poetic name,  
Another, in the bright bloom of nineteen,  
Fresh from the pleasant fields of Eton came :  
Whate'er of beautiful or poet sung,  
Or statesman uttered, round his memory clung ;  
Before him shone resplendent heights of fame.

## XVI.

With friends around the board, no wit so fine  
To wing the jest, the sparkling tale to tell ;  
Yet oftentimes listening in St. Mary's shrine,  
Profounder moods upon his spirit fell :  
We heard him then, England has heard him since,  
Uphold the fallen, make the guilty wince,  
And the hushed Senate have confessed the spell.

## XVII.

There too was one, broad-browed, with open face,  
And frame for toil compacted—him with pride  
A school of Devon from a rural place  
Had sent to stand these chosen ones beside ;  
From childhood trained all hardness to endure,  
To love the things that noble are, and pure,  
And think and do the truth, whate'er betide.

## XVIII.

With strength for labour, 'as the strength of ten,'  
To ceaseless toil he girt him night and day ;  
A native king and ruler among men,  
Ploughman or Premier, born to bear true sway ;  
Small or great duty never known to shirk,  
He bounded joyously to sternest work,  
Less buoyant others turn to sport and play.

## XIX.

Comes brightly back one day—he had performed  
Within the Schools some more than looked-for feat,  
And friends and brother scholars round him swarmed  
To give the day to gladness that was meet :  
Forth to the fields we fared,—among the young  
Green leaves and grass, his laugh the loudest rung ;  
Beyond the rest his bound flew far and fleet.

## XX.

All afternoon o'er Shotover's breezy heath  
 We ranged, through bush and brake instinct with spring,  
 The vernal dream-lights o'er the plains beneath  
 Trailed, overhead the skylarks carolling;  
 Then home through evening-shadowed fields we went,  
 And filled our College rooms with merriment,—  
 Pure joys, whose memory contains no sting.

## XXI.

And thou wast there that day, my earliest friend  
 In Oxford! sharer of that joy the while!  
 Ah me, with what delightful memories blend  
 'Thy pale calm face, thy strangely-soothing smile;'  
 What hours come back, when, pacing College walks,  
 New knowledge dawned on us, or friendly talks,  
 Inserted, long night-labours would beguile.

## XXII.

What strolls through meadows mown of fragrant hay,  
 On summer evenings by smooth Cherwell stream,  
 When Homer's song, or chaunt from Shelley's lay,  
 Added new splendour to the sunset gleam:  
 Or how, on calm of Sunday afternoon,  
 Keble's low sweet voice to devout commune,  
 And heavenward musings, would the hours redeem.

## XXIII.

But when on crimson creeper o'er the wall  
 Autumn his finger beautifully impressed,  
 And came, the third time at October's call,  
 Cheerily trooping to their rooms the rest,  
 Filling them with glad greetings and young glee,  
 His room alone was empty—henceforth we  
 By his sweet fellowship no more were blest.

## XXIV.

Too soon, too quickly from our longing sight,  
 Fading he passed, and left us to deplore  
 From all our Oxford day a lovely light  
 Gone, which no after morning could restore.  
 Through his own meadows Cherwell still wound on,  
 And Thames by Eton fields as glorious shone—  
 He who so loved them would come back no more.

## XXV.

Among that scholar band the youngest pair  
In hall and chapel side by side were seen,  
Each of high hopes and noble promise heir,  
But far in thought apart—a world between.  
The one wide-welcomed for a father's fame,  
Entered with free bold step that seemed to claim  
Fame for himself, nor on another lean.

## XXVI.

So full of power, yet blithe and debonair,  
Rallying his friends with pleasant banter gay,  
Or half a-dream chaunting with jaunty air  
Great words of Goethe, catch of Béranger.  
We see the banter sparkle in his prose,  
But knew not then the undertone that flows,  
So calmly sad, through all his stately lay.

## XXVII.

The other of an ancient name, erst dear  
To Border Hills, though thence too long exiled,  
In lore of Hellas scholar without peer,  
Reared in grey halls on banks of Severn piled:  
Reserved he was, of few words and slow speech,  
But dwelt strange power, that beyond words could reach,  
In that sweet face by no rude thought defiled.

## XXVIII.

Oft at the hour when round the board at wine,  
Friends met, and others' talk flowed fast and free,  
His listening silence and grave look benign  
More than all speech made sweet society.  
But when the rowers, on their rivals gaining,  
Close on the goal bent, every sinew straining—  
Then who more stout, more resolute than he?

## XXIX.

With that dear memory come back most of all  
Calm days in Holy Week together spent;  
Then brightness of the Easter Festival  
O'er all things streaming, as a-field we went  
Up Hincksey vale, where gleamed the young primroses,  
And happy children gathered them in posies,  
Of that glad season meet accompaniment.

## XXX.

Of that bright band already more than half  
Have passed beyond earth's longing and regret;  
The remnant, for grave thought or pleasant laugh,  
Can meet no longer as of old they met:  
Yet, O pure souls! there are who still retain  
Deep in their hearts the high ideal strain  
They heard with you, and never can forget.

## XXXI.

To have passed with them the threshold of young life,  
Where the man meets, not yet absorbs the boy,  
And, ere descending to the dusty strife,  
Gazed from clear heights of intellectual joy.  
That an undying image left enshrined,  
A sense of nobleness in human kind  
Experience cannot dim, nor time destroy.

## XXXII.

Since then, through all the jars of life's routine,  
All that down-draws the spirit's loftier mood,  
I have been soothed by fellowship serene  
Of single souls with heaven's own light endued.  
But look where'er I may—before, behind—  
I have not found, nor now expect to find,  
Another such high-hearted brotherhood.

J. C. SHAIRP.



## RECENT WORK AT CHAUCER.

FOLLOWING the revival of Gothicism in architecture and of Pre-Raphaelism in painting, has come (says a critic) a revival of Antiquarianism in literature, a conviction that it is the duty of cultured Englishmen to study the early records of their language and social history, and, in order that they may study these, first to print the manuscripts containing them. That this conviction is not yet widely spread is evidenced by the state of the subscription-lists of some of the printing societies that have of late years sprung into existence. The Chaucer Society, for instance, has, out of the millions of Great Britain, found just sixty men in England and Wales, five in Scotland, and one in Ireland, to support it; and, but for the help of Professor Child and his friends in the United States, could never have crept into being. Still, it is something to have a Chaucer Society alive; and it is more to have grounds for hope that the pitiable indifference (due to pure ignorance) shown by the classically-trained men of the present generation to the second greatest English poet—which Chaucer incontestably is—will not be shared by their successors, the youths and boys now training at college and school. The large sale and use of the excellent Clarendon Press editions of Chaucer Selections, *Early English Specimens*, *Piers Plowman's Vision*, &c., by Dr. Richard Morris and Mr. Skeat, prove this; and we may be sure that in the next generation we shall not have one of the ablest Professors of History in England asking "What is Layamon?" evidently uncertain whether that most spirited old English chronicler, and priest of Erneli Regis, was a stuffed bird, a fossil, or a new candle like the Ozokerit.

Taking therefore for granted that the study of Early English has revived and is spreading, though miserably slowly, in England and elsewhere, let us ask

what that study has done for CHAUCER, that tenderest, brightest, most humourful sweet soul, of all the great poets of the world, whom a thousand Englishmen out of every thousand and one are content to pass by with a shrug and a sneer: "How can one find time to read a man who makes 'poore' two syllables? Life is not long enough for that."

To his successors Chaucer was the sun in the firmament of poetry. The lesser lights were small indeed; and when Caxton began to print poetry, it was only natural that Chaucer should be his first essay. In 1477-8 that poet's "Canterbury Tales," "Parlament of Fowles," "Gentleness," "Truth," "Fortune," "Envoy to Skogan," "Anelida and Arcite," and "Compleynte to his Purse," were put forth by Caxton's press. In 1484 came also the "Hous of Fame," and "Troilus and Cressida," with a fresh print of the "Canterbury Tales" from a better manuscript. About 1500 A.D., Julian Notary printed Chaucer's "Mars," "Venus," and "Balade on Marriage." In 1532 William Thynne edited his "Legende of Good Women," "Boece," "Death of Blaunche the Duchesse" (1369), "Compleynte to Pity," "Astrolabe," "Lack of Stedfastness," and "Adam Scrivener." In 1602 Speght printed his "A B C;" in 1801 Leyden printed the "Mother of God;" and not till 1866 did Dr. Richard Morris make public<sup>1</sup> the beautiful "Former Age," thus completing the list of Chaucer's genuine works, in number twenty-three. Unluckily, during these 400 years of printing, from Caxton to Morris, our poet's genuine works did not come out alone. Between the boards that held them were stuck also many shams, together with other poems which plainly

<sup>1</sup> From Mr. Bradshaw's privately printed copy. The better copy is printed at the end of Dr. R. Morris's edition of Chaucer's "Boethius," for the Early English Text Society.

said that they were by other writers. The chief adulterator of Chaucer was Stowe<sup>1</sup> in 1561; and in Trinity Library, Cambridge, is still the manuscript from which he took much of his base coin to mix with Chaucer's gold; but all his brother editors, from first to last, have sinned in the way he did.

The first man to try and get rid of some of the rubbish that had been piled round Chaucer's name was the first real editor of the "*Canterbury Tales*," Thomas Tyrwhitt. He unluckily did not follow up his edition of Chaucer's great work by an edition of the "*Minor Poems*;" but in his *Glossary to the Tales*, published in 1778, he gave a list of those works attributed to Chaucer which he considered genuine, and another list of those that he thought spurious. With his judgment subsequent editors, reprinters, and biographers, have been content, and have presented to us as genuine Chaucer—besides the works named above—the following poems, together with the prose "*Testament of Love*."

The Court of Love;  
The Cuckoo and the Nightingale;  
The Flower and the Leaf;  
Chaucer's Dream (or Isle of Ladies);  
The Romaunt of the Rose;  
The Complaint of the Black Knight;  
A Goodly Ballade of Chaucer;  
A Praise of Women;  
A Roundel, Virelai, and Prophecy;

Now most of these poems, as well as the prose "*Testament*," contain biographical details as to their several writers; and Chaucer's biographers, with a boldness to be wondered at, and a want of caution to be condemned, quietly mixt up all these details with the known events of Chaucer's life, and vowed that their hodge-podge was pure flour, their medley all one hue. They made Chaucer write poems before he was born, married him to one or two other men's wives, banished him from England, put him in prison, gave him somebody else's son, and generally

danced him about on the top of his head.

The ways taken to quiet these antics were, for one man to search the *Issue Rolls* of the Exchequer, and find out from them where Chaucer was when the half-yearly payments of his pension were made to him—whether in Zealand, in prison, or quietly at home—and for other men to settle the much more important question of what were Chaucer's genuine works, so that the life details in these alone might be set down to him, and also his genius cleared from the reproach of having written much poor stuff attributed to it. The first part of this work was undertaken by Sir Harris Nicolas, who in 1845 wrote a *Life of Chaucer* for Pickering's reprint of Chaucer's *Poetical Works*, and for it ransacked the *Patent and Issue Rolls*, which Godwin had used but sparingly. He showed that while Chaucer was said to have been in banishment and in great distress, he was quietly doing the duties of his two offices in the Customs in London, and "that at the very moment when he is supposed to have been a prisoner in the Tower, he was sitting in Parliament as a Knight of the Shire for one of the largest counties in England." Another most important addition to the external evidence as to the life of Chaucer was made in 1866 by Mr. Edward A. Bond, the present Keeper of the Manuscripts in the British Museum—for whose class catalogue thereof may his memory be blest!—who got out of an old book-cover some bits of the household book for 1356-9 of the wife of Prince Lionel, Edward III.'s third son, which bits contained three entries of payments for clothes for "Geoffrey Chaucer," probably her page. The finding of these entries rendered almost certain the fact that when Chaucer swore in 1386 that he was forty years old and upwards, he did not mean fifty-eight, but, say, forty-six, which would make his birth year 1340, a date with which the internal evidence from his poems harmonizes. The investigation of this internal evidence, or the second part of the work mentioned above, was undertaken inde-

<sup>1</sup> "It would be a work of time to sift accurately the heap of rubbish which was added by John Stowe to the edition of 1561."—TYRWHITT.

pendently by two men unknown to each other; first, in England, by Mr. Henry Bradshaw, Fellow of King's and Librarian of the University of Cambridge—who, unluckily for all English students, has persistently refused to print any account of his process and his results<sup>1</sup>—and Professor Bernhard ten Brink, Professor of the Neo-Latin Languages at Marburg in Cassel, and Professor-elect of English at the re-founded University of Strassburg, who, like a true German uhlan, suddenly and most unexpectedly made his appearance one morning by his "*Chaucer: Studien zur Geschichte seiner Entwicklung und zur Chronologie seiner Schriften*, erster Theil, 1870," and carried off from England the main credit of the reform or re-creation of Chaucer.

The chief test with which these two scholars worked was the rymes<sup>2</sup> of Chaucer, similar ryme-solvents having been long used on the Continent with great effect, though never applied to an English poet here before. But before the ryme-test could be got at, much less applied, some preliminary work was necessary. *First*, to record what works Chaucer had himself acknowledged as his own. These were known: the "Romance of the Rose," "Troylus and Cresside," "The House of Fame," "Death of Blaunche the Duchesse" (including "Ceys and Alcione"), "Parlement of Fowles," "Palamon and Arcite" (or first cast of the Knight's Tale), "Boece," "Life of Seynt Cecile" (or Second Nun's Tale), "Origenes upon the Mandeleynes" (lost), a prose "Wretched Engendering of Mankind," from Pope Innocent (lost), "Legende of Good Women (or "Seintes Legendes of Cupide"), and "Book of the Leo" (lost). *Secondly*, to note what other works Lyd-

<sup>1</sup> Except a few extracts privately printed as proofs, and a hardly known though very valuable skeleton of the fragments of the "Canterbury Tales," dated 1864, and issued in 1871 (Macmillan & Co., Cambridge), as it was, without the introduction of the writer's modified views.

<sup>2</sup> I spell "rymes," because the ordinary *A* was put in from false analogy with the Greek; and the "rime" which would represent the Anglo-Saxon *rim* is used for hoar-frost. Moreover, the best Chaucer MSS. spell "ryme."

gate, Chaucer's successor, attributed to him. These were only the "Astrolabe," and "Canterbury Tales" (of which Lydgate mentioned the Melibe, Grisilde, and Monk's Tale). *Thirdly*, to ask, What do the manuscripts say?

The contemporary and soon-following scribes would not be likely to leave out CHAUCER'S name when copying his works; and accordingly, to many of their copies is tacked some acknowledgment of authorship, from a bare "quod Chaucer," to old Shirley's heading of the "Canterbury Tales," which I quote, and reluctantly turn into modern spelling, as otherwise it may not be read:—

"O ye so noble and worthy Princes and Princesses, or estates or degrees, whatever ye be, that have disposition or pleasure to read or hear the stories of old times passed, to keep you from idleness and sloth, in eschewing other follies that might be cause of more harm following, vouchsafe, I beseech you, to find your occupation in the reading here of the Tales of Canterbury, which be compiled in this book following, first founded, imagined, and made, both for disport and learning of all those that be gentle of birth or of conditions, by the laureal and most famous poet that ever was before him in the embellishing of our rude mother's English tongue, called Chaucer a Gaufrede (Geoffrey Chaucer), of whose soul, God, for his mercy, have pity of his grace. Amen."

"What do the manuscripts say?" was, of course, a question not to be answered by the German professor, for he couldn't get at the MSS. But the Englishman was better placed. In the Cambridge University Library, Mr. Bradshaw had under his hand not only the best manuscript of Chaucer's minor poems (unique in one respect) besides inferior ones, but also two first-rate, and two poorer, manuscripts of the Canterbury Tales. His then position in the Library gave him both leisure to ferret out MSS. and to take journeys to see them; and soon almost all the Chaucer MSS. in England had passed through his hands. To the question above, then, he said the MSS. returned this answer:—"We add to

your Chaucer-and-Lydgate list the following minor poems of Chaucer:—his 'Pity,' 'Gentleness,' 'Truth,' 'Fortune,' 'Anelida and Arcite,' 'Purse,' 'Venus,' 'Mars,' 'Marriage,' 'Lack of Stedfastness,' 'Adam Scrivener,' 'A.B.C.,' 'Mother of God,' and 'Former Age,' and we identify for you his 'Canterbury Tales,' 'Parlament of Fowles,' 'Hous of Fame,' 'Troilus and Cressida,' 'Legende of Good Women,' 'Boece' and 'Astrolabe.' One of us has a bit of an English 'Romance of the Rose,' in a volume by itself; and two of us have a 'Death of Blaunche the Duchesse,' in company with other poems of Chaucer; you must settle whether this 'Rose' and 'Blaunche' are his. Also, one of us attributes to Chaucer a 'Balade,' a 'Cronicle,' and a continuation of his 'Pity.' The genuineness of these too you must determine."

The authenticity of Chaucer's chief poems being thus confirmed, lists of the rymes in them were made independently by Mr. Bradshaw and Professor ten Brink, and these were then applied as a test—first to the "Death of Blaunche" and the "Romance of the Rose," and then to all the other poems named in the list on p. 384, which had been attributed to Chaucer by old printers, &c., and even by Tyrwhitt.

The "Death of Blaunche" stood the test, and was therefore set down as genuine; the "Romance of the Rose" unexpectedly failed, and Mr. Bradshaw at once unhesitatingly said—"This cannot be Chaucer's version. The one he wrote must be lost, or hasn't yet been found." Professor ten Brink and I argued for the known version for a time: that it might have been Chaucer's earliest piece of work; that in it he might have followed his less careful predecessors, Minot, Shoreham, Robert of Brunne, &c.; but we were obliged to acknowledge that the claim of the present version to be Chaucer's could not be established, and we now almost share Mr. Bradshaw's opinion that this "Rose" is not Chaucer's.

The ryme-test was then applied to

the list of poems on p. 384 above, together with the manuscript "Balade," "Cronicle," and continuation of the "Pity," and every one of them broke down under it; every one sinned against Chaucer's laws of ryme. These poems were accordingly all labelled "spurious;" and they must remain so ticketed till any critic can establish their genuineness—a hard task, for every one of them contains further internal evidence showing its spuriousness.—The "Testament of Love" being prose, the ryme-test could not be applied to it; but the mere reading of its confusion and straggling, the mere noting of its writer's strong praise of Chaucer,<sup>1</sup> and the absolute inconsistency of its biographical details with the known facts of Chaucer's life, made one set it aside at once as never written by him. The supposition of its genuineness is preposterous.

With the ground thus cleared from the sham works, Chaucer's real ones could be approached with a certainty that trustworthy information about him could be got from them, that their order of writing could be found out, and thus the great poet's development of mind and life made clear. This was the object of, and justification for, all the previous work.

Mr. Bradshaw's first arrangement of Chaucer's "Miscellaneous Poems" was

<sup>1</sup> " (Qd. Loue). I shall tell thee this lesson to learne: myne owne true seruaunt, the noble Phyllosophicall Poete in English, whych enuermore him busieth and trauaileth right sore my name to encrease, wherefore all that willen me good, owe to doe hym worship and reuerence both; truly his better ne his pere, in schoole of my rules could I neuer find: He (qd. she) in a treatise that he made of my seruaunt Troilus, hath this matter touched, and at the full this question assailed. Certainly his noble sayings can I not amend: in goodnesse of gentle manliche speech, wythout any manner of nicetie of staileres imagination, in wit and in good reason of sentence, he passeth all other makers." ("Works," ed. Speght, 1602, Fol. 301, col. 1.) Compare this with the writer's own description in his Prologue of his "dull witte and thoughtful (anxious, distressed) soule;" his "rude words and boistous;" his "I wote well there shall bee made more scorne and iape of me, that I so unworthely clothed all together in the cloudie cloud of unconning," &c. It is entirely impossible that the "Testament" can be Chaucer's.

this:—I. Twelve "Minor Poems and Balades" (Fortune, Truth, Gentleness, Lack of Stedfastness, Purse, Marriage, Envoy to Skogan, Adam Scrivener, Former Age, A.B.C., Mother of God). II. Death of Blaunche, Mars, Pity, Parlement of Fowles, Anelida and Arcite, Troilus. III. Hous of Fame, Legende of Good Women.—How far he had got beyond this when Professor Bernhard ten Brink's *Studien* appeared I do not know: but to the public, the German professor was the first man to throw a real light on the distinction between genuine and spurious in Chaucer's works, and the true order of succession in those works. Single-handed he did it, without ever having seen a Chaucer manuscript, or heard of a Chaucer Society, and with no better books at hand than hundreds of Englishmen had had on their shelves for many years past. Alone he beat us, and beat us well, on our own ground. All honour to him for it! He is well worthy to be one of those who are to lay anew the foundations of a great University of Strassburg.

Professor ten Brink showed that the first great distinction between Chaucer's works was to be made between the early and poorer ones when he was under French influence, and the later and finer poems written after he had come under Italian influence, had read Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarca, had visited Italy in 1372. Before this year, in Chaucer's first period, the Professor put the "Romance of the Rose," and "The Death of Blaunche." In the second period, 1372–84, he put the "Life of St. Cecile," "Parlament of Fowles," "Palamon and Arcite," "Boece," "Troilus," and "Hous of Fame," all of which he treated at length; and then promist to deal in his Second Part with the works of the third and greatest period of Chaucer's life, 1385–1400, to which belonged, at least, the Legende of Good Women, Astrolabe, Anelida and Arcite, Canterbury Tales, and Mars and Venus.

This arrangement made clear the process of Chaucer's development, and was an immense gain to students; but it did not disclose the secret of Chaucer's early

life. The short poems were not worked in with the longer ones; the "Compleynthe to Pity" was not noticed; and yet in it lay the explanation of the sadness of all Chaucer's early work, his sympathy with the mourning Duke of Lancaster, the forsaken Mars, the abandoned Anelida, the deserted Troilus, the lovelorn Dido. For, in truth, he himself had begun his life with bitterly disappointed love, and its pangs shot through him for many a year before he could write the merry lines which laugh with gladness still. Most happily for us, Chaucer has himself identified himself with the suffering lover of the "Pity" by an after-allusion which is indisputable. In his "Death of Blaunche the Duchesse (of Lancaster)"—she died September 12, 1369—Chaucer tells us that he cannot sleep at night because "he has been ill for eight years, and yet his cure is no nearer, for there is but one physician who can heal him. But that is done. Pass on. What will not be, must needs be left."<sup>1</sup> Thus quietly does he then speak of his disappointed love. But if we turn to his "Compleynthe to Pity" of a year or two earlier, when his rejection was fresh in his mind, we there find the passionate sad pleadings of his early love. He tells us that when after the lapse of "certeyne yeres"—seven must he have served in vain, like Jacob, for his desire—during which he had sought to speak to his love, at last, even before he could speak, he saw all pity for him dead in her heart; and down he fell, dead as a stone while his swoon lasted. Then he arose; and to her, in all her beauty, he still prayed for mercy and for love—

"Have mercy on me, thow hevenes quene,  
That yow have sought,<sup>2</sup> so tendirly and yore!  
Let somme strene of youre light on me be  
sene,  
That love and drede yow ever lenger more!  
For Goddes love, have mercy on my payne!"

<sup>1</sup> " . . . Trewly, as I gesse, 35  
I hold it be a sickēnes  
That I have suffred this eight yere;  
And yet my boote is never the nere;  
For there is phis-ic-ien but one  
That may me heale. But that is done.  
Passe we over untill efte;  
That wil not be, mote nedes be left."

<sup>2</sup> Who has sought you.



"My peyne is this, that what so I desire,  
That have I not, ne nothing lyke therto;  
And ever setteth Desire myn hert on fyre.  
Eke on that other syde, wherso I goo,  
That have I redy, unsoghte, everywhere,  
What maner thinge that may encrese my woo.  
Me lakketh but my deth, and then my bere!"

A touching poem it is, and a touching story it tells, to those who read it aright: the poet's young love crusht in the bud, and he, who has been the comfort and joy of many souls, left to say of himself, as he does of Troylus:—

"But forthe hire cours Fortune ay gan to holde:

Criseyde loveth the sonne of Tydeus;  
And Troilus mot wepe in cares colde.  
Suich is this worlde, who so kan it beholde!  
In ech estat is lital hertes reste!  
God leve<sup>1</sup> us for to take it for the beste!"  
TROILUS, Bk. V., st. ccli., ll. 1759—64.

This is the key to Chaucer's early life; and the man who would understand him must start with him in his sorrow, walk with him through it into the fresh sunshine of his later life, and then down to the chill and poverty of his old age. "Out of the bitter cometh the sweet," and never was the adage better verified than in Chaucer, whose early sadness produced his joyous prime.

Want of space prevents my following up here the tracks of disappointed love through Chaucer's other early minor poems, or dwelling on the most interesting revival of it—seemingly after a reconciliation—as seen in the standard version of his Prologue to the "Legende of Good Women," when compared with the unique version printed in the Chaucer Society's "Odd Texts," from MS. Gg. 4. 27 in the Cambridge University Library. But one cannot insist too strongly on the fact that Chaucer's works, like those of every other writer, must be studied chronologically by the man who wants to understand fully them and their writer;<sup>2</sup> and in the following order should they be read:—

#### FIRST PERIOD.

? A B C.

1367—8. Pity.

1339. Death of Blanche.

<sup>1</sup> Give us leave, allow, grant.

<sup>2</sup> What a mistake it is for editors and publishers not to put forth a chronological edition of Shakespeare's works.

#### SECOND PERIOD.

1373<sup>1</sup> St. Cecile (Second Nun's Tale).

Parlament of Fowles.  
Compleynt of Mars.  
Anelida and Arcite.  
Boece. ? Former Age.  
Troylus.  
Adam Scrivener.

1384. Hous of Fame.

THIRD PERIOD (*greatest*).

1386. Legende of Good Women.  
Canterbury Tales (1373—1400;  
Prologue, 1388).

Truth.

? Mother of God.

FOURTH PERIOD (*decline*).

1391. Astrolabe.

Compleynt of Venus.

1393<sup>1</sup> Envoy to Skogan.

Marriage.

Gentleness.

1397<sup>1</sup> Lack of Stedfastness.

1398<sup>1</sup> Fortune.

1399, } Purse (to Henry IV.).  
Sept. }

The order of dates of the "Canterbury Tales" is not yet quite worked out; but clearly the following are late:—The Canon's, Yeoman's, Manciple's (note the moralizing at the end of both), Monk's, Parson's. As clearly these, with the general Prologue,<sup>1</sup> belong to Chaucer's best time: The Miller's, Reeve's, Cook's, Wife's Prologue (and the Tale too), Merchant's, Friar's, Nun's, Priest's, Pardoner's, and perhaps the Sompnour's. No doubt these are before the Third Period: Second Nun's (the earliest), Doctor's, Man of Law's, Clerk's, Prioress's, Squire's, and Franklin's, ?Thopas, and Melibe, with The Knight's Tale, in its first cast.<sup>2</sup> Thus far had one got, when Mr. Hales supplied the generalization wanted—"Power of characterization is the true test. Where you know the people in the Tales, as you do those in the Prologue, there you have work of Chaucer's best time, say

<sup>1</sup> Professor Seeley has lately brought into view a most interesting connecting link between Chaucer's Prologue and Williams's "Vision of Piers Plowman,"—namely, that in his character of the Ploughman, Chaucer sketched the well-known Plowman of the "Vision." See the Chaucer Society's Report for 1873.

<sup>2</sup> "Palamon and Arcite" was written in Chaucer's early time; its second cast is dated, by an astronomical allusion in it, A.D. 1387.

1386-90. Who knows which is Palamon and which is Arcite? The Knight's Tale *must* be comparatively early, though a few late lines that imply 1387 may have been put into it. The Tales, too, that take half-views of life, like the Clerk's, Grisilde, the Man of Law's, and Constance, must be before the best time too."

With this guide every reader can work out the succession of the Tales for himself, and mix them in proper order with the Minor Poems as ranged above. He will then see Chaucer, not only outwardly as he was in the flesh—page, soldier, squire, diplomatist, Custom-house officer, Member of Parliament, then a suppliant for protection and favour, a beggar for money; but inwardly as he was in the spirit—clear of all nonsense of Courts of Love, &c.—gentle and loving, early timid and in despair, sharing others' sorrow, and, by comforting them, losing part of his own; yet long dwelling on the sadness of forsaken love, seeking the "consolation of philosophy," watching the stars, praying to the "Mother of God;" studying books, and, more still, woman's nature; his eye open to all the beauties of the world around him, his ear to the "heavenly harmony" of birds' song; at length becoming the most gracious and tender spirit, the sweetest singer, the best pourtrayer, the most pathetic, and withal the most genial and humourful healthy-souled man that England had ever seen. Still, after 500 years, he is bright and fresh as the glad light green of the May he so much loved; he is still second only to Shakespeare in England, and fourth only to him and Dante and Homer in the world. When will our Victorian time love and honour him as it should? Surely, of all our poets he is the one to come *home* to us most.

We have hitherto dwelt together mainly on the most overlooked of Chaucer's works, his Minor Poems, those produced in the first of the two great divisions of his life, the pathetic and romantic period, and we may now turn to his great work, the "Canterbury Tales," in its best-known parts the production of his later and finer period, the humo-

rous and contemporary-life one. For Chaucer was not like Tennyson. The cloud of his early loss was not on him to the end; his temperament was cheerier, his time perchance less "real," less "earnest"; the burden of the years perhaps was less. So the earlier poet passed from sadness into joy, or at least to mirth, while the Victorian one sings still in age the grave and purposeful notes of his youth. What a contrast, too, these two poets are in other respects! Set side by side the strenuous wrestling of Tennyson with the deepest problems of his age, and the sunny sketches by Chaucer of the surface of his; compare the finished art and tenacity of subject of the modern with the careless ease<sup>1</sup> and quick tiring of the old one. Alike in perfection of metre, alike in love of women fair and good, how different are they in freshness and grace, how far apart in humour and moral intensity. Put Tennyson judging Guinevere beside Chaucer sparing Cressid "for very routhe:" set the "Northern Farmer" by the "Miller," or any like character in the Canterbury Prologue, and the difference between poet and poet, as well as age and age, will be felt; just as when one takes up "Middelmarch," or Mrs. Browning's poems, after reading Chaucer's "Wife of Bath," his "Constance," or "Grisilde," one feels the wondrous change that five hundred years have wrought in English women and women's nature. When has the world matcht ours, of this Victorian time?

But to return to Chaucer. His Canterbury Prologue and humorous Tales show us a new man—a man whose existence indeed was indicated before by that most comical bird-jury scene in the "Parlament of Fowles," and by the creation of Pandarus in the "Troilus," but a man so different from the sad lover of the "Pity," the "Anelida," the "Troilus," that but for the music of his verse, his love of women and his insight into them, one might be excused for asking, Is this Chaucer still? A change has come over him. As Claude among painters first set the sun in the

<sup>1</sup> The outcome of a supreme artistic nature.

heavens, so now into his own heart Chaucer first let sunshine come, and thence reflect, gilding all on whom it shone. His humour glanced over all the England he could see, and he has left us such photographs of the folk that rode with him, that dwelt about him—pictures aglow with life's own hues—as, I dare say, no other poet ever left of any land to after times. Who can look at them now, who can read the oft-conned lines, without his heart opening, his hand stretching out, to greet the sunny soul that penned them?

I do not, however, propose to discuss here Chaucer's place as a poet, or the value and meaning of his "Canterbury Tales," or even the light they throw on his character or life. My business is with the Chaucer Society's work on the Tales, in order to show what has been lately done for the clearing-up of the structure, and improvement of the text, of our poet's greatest work. The Chaucer Society was founded in 1868, first, from the conviction that it was a mean and unpatriotic thing of Englishmen to have done so little as they had for their great poet's memory; and, secondly, from the wish to supplement Mr. Bradshaw's work, and prepare for his projected edition, and for all future students of Chaucer, material not easily accessible to them. For this purpose the six finest and oldest unprinted vellum manuscripts of the "Canterbury Tales," all copied within from twenty to forty years of Chaucer's death, were chosen from public and private collections to be printed in parallel columns, so that their various readings and spellings might be at once apparent. With the exception of Lord Ashburnham—who refused to allow his MSS. to be even seen—all the noblemen and gentlemen in England who owned Chaucer MSS. readily granted the use of their treasures to the Society; and the private MSS. at last selected were, first, the magnificent illustrated MS. of Lord Ellesmere, the choicest Chaucer MS. in the world; second, the rat-gnawed and ill-used but excellent MS. of the old Hengwrt collection, belonging to Mr. William W. E. Wynne

of Peniarth, a most interesting MS. for its type; and, thirdly, the spotless and gorgeously-clad MS. of Lord Leconfield at Petworth House, an old Percy treasure which has been in the possession of the family for at least four hundred years, when the fourth Earl's arms were blazoned at its end. The public MSS. chosen were, first, the oldest and most curious one at Cambridge, in the University Library, remarkable not only from its dialectal peculiarities and its having been largely corrected by a contemporary reviser, but also for its containing the best copies extant of many of Chaucer's minor poems (including his "Troilus"), and also the unique version of the first cast of his "Prologue to the Legende of Good Women;" secondly, the earliest and best MS. at Oxford, that in Corpus Christi College, a good representative of the second or B type of MSS.; and thirdly, from the British Museum, the probably second-best complete MS., Lansdowne 851, because the best, Harl. 7334, had already been edited and printed three times—by Mr. Thomas Wright, Mr. Jephson (for R. Bell's annotated edition), and Dr. Richard Morris (for G. Bell's Aldine edition).

Now, these manuscripts varied greatly in their arrangements of the Tales; and the question was, which was right, or whether they all were wrong. Previous editors, knowing no better, had followed the order of the MS. they printed, and had patcht up the bad joins in it with dabs of spurious putty. The consequence was, a regular muddle as to the journey and geography; places on the road to Canterbury, like Rochester, thirty miles from town, being made to come after Sittingbourne, which is forty miles from it, &c. As Dean Stanley said in his interesting *Historical Memorials of Canterbury*:—

"Not only are the stages of the route indistinctly marked, but the distances are so roughly calculated as to introduce into the geography, though on a small scale, incongruities almost as great as those which disfigure the "Winter's Tale" and "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." The journey, although at

that time usually occupying three or four days, is compressed into the hours between sunset and sunrise on an April day; an additional pilgrim is made to overtake them within seven miles of Canterbury, 'by galloping hard for three miles,' and the tales of the last two miles occupy a space equal to an eighth part of the whole journey of fifty miles."

It is, perhaps, needless to say that Chaucer was not such a muddler or goose as the scribes, editors, and critics had made him for five hundred years; but no one could prove it till Mr. Bradshaw, who had carefully separated the Tales into their constituent fragments or groups, one day quietly lifted up his tenth fragment (containing the Tales of the Shipman, Prioress, Sir Thopas, Melibe, Monk, and Nun's Priest) to its right place as fragment 3, or the second part of Group B, for which Chaucer wrote it, when at once the whole scheme came right. Rochester got into its proper place, the journey turned into the regular three or four days' one, and all the allusions to time, place, former tales &c., at once harmonized. The Chaucer Columbus had made his egg stand.

The Chaucer Society's texts of course followed this arrangement, and have appeared, or will appear, with some minor modifications of Mr. Bradshaw's scheme (of which I fear he has not approved), in the following order, which displays the structure of the Tales as left unfinished by their author at his death:—

## GROUP A.

- § 1. General Prologue (Southwark).
  2. Knight's Tale.
  3. Knight-Miller link.
  4. Miller's Tale.
  5. Miller-Reeve link (Deptford and Greenwich).
  6. Reeve's Tale.
  7. Reeve-Cook link.
  8. Cook's Tale (incomplete).
- [<sup>1</sup> First day's journey, Dartford, 15 miles.]

## GROUP B.

- § 1. Head-link (10 A.M.).
2. Man of Law's Tale.
3. Man of Law-Shipman link.
4. Shipman's Tale.
5. Shipman-Prioress link.
6. Sir Thopas (unfinished).
7. Thopas-Melibe link.

8. Melibe.
  9. Melibe-Monk link.
  10. Monk's Tale.
  11. Monk-Nun's Priest link (near Rochester).
  12. Nun's Priest's Tale.
  13. Nun's Priest's end link (in 4 MSS. only).
- [Second day's journey, Rochester, 30 miles.]

## GROUP C.

- § 1. Doctor's Tale.
2. Doctor-Pardoner link.
- 3, 4. Doctor's Preamble and Tale.

## GROUP D.

- § 1. Wife of Bath's Preamble (on the road to Sittingbourne).
  2. Wife of Bath's Tale.
  3. Wife-Friar link.
  4. Friar's Tale.
  5. Friar-Sum'ner link.
  6. Sum'ner's Tale (at toune).
- [<sup>1</sup> Dine at Sittingbourne, 40 miles.]

## GROUP E.

- § 1. Clerk's head-link.
  2. Clerk's Tale (Wife of Bath alluded to).
  3. Clerk-Merchant link.
  4. Merchant's Tale (Wife of B. alluded to).
  5. Merchant's End link.
- [<sup>1</sup> Third day's journey, Ospringe, 46 miles.]

## GROUP F.

1. Squire's head-link.
2. Squire's Tale (it is pryme).
3. Squire-Franklin link.
4. Franklin's Tale.

## GROUP G.

- § 1. Second Nun's Tale.
2. Second-Nun—Canon's-Yeoman's link (five miles on, at Boughton-under-Blee).
3. Canon Yeoman's Preamble.
4. Canon Yeoman's Tale.

## GROUP H.

- § 1. Manciple's head-link.
2. Manciple's Tale.

## GROUP I.

- § 1. Blank-Parson link.<sup>1</sup>
2. Parson's Tale.

"Chaucer's Canterbury Tales," then, are not, and are not to be looked at, as a whole. Most of them were written independently, and then fitted into the frame of the Pilgrimage in 1388, when others—as the Wife, Friar, Summoner; the Miller, Reeve, Cook—were probably written straight off, while the last Tales were added at intervals till Chaucer's death in 1400. As he left them to us, his "Canterbury Tales" con-

<sup>1</sup> Either unrevised, or meant for an unwritten tale. It is generally made into the Manciple-Parson link; sometimes the Yeoman-P.; sometimes the Merchant-P., &c.

sist of nine main separate groups or fragments; and these consist of forty-eight sections, besides one seven-line stanza evidently meant at first as part of a Clerk's end-link, but rejected by Chaucer when he afterwards wrote the standard "Clerk-Merchant link." Structurally, these Links are most important, as they carry on the action or progress of the journey; and they are no less important poetically, as in them are found some of the most humorous and characteristic bits in the whole work. Many false and foolish ones were written by scribes to link together groups or single tales left unlinked by Chaucer; but these, as well as the spurious tale of Gamelyn, have of course been rejected from the Chaucer Society's edition. On the point of structure, then, Mr. Bradshaw and the Chaucer Society have, for the first time these five hundred years, restored our great poet's work to the order in which he left it.

On the point of Text, the chief results of the Society's work have been (1) to make possible, for the first time, a real edition of the *Canterbury Tales*,<sup>1</sup> (2) to establish the existence of three main types of MSS. of the *Canterbury Tales*, and the superiority of the Ellesmere or "A" type of MS.<sup>2</sup> over the "B" or Corpus-Lansdowne type, and the better "C" type, of which the only known representative is the old and excellent Harl. MS. 7334, edited by Wright, Jephson, and Morris; (3) to prove the necessity of a wide collation of MSS. instead of printing only one, as late editors have done; and (4) to show that in all future prints the central metrical pause-mark or bar of the best MSS. must be given. The question of types by readings, first mooted in 1868,<sup>3</sup> is now being worked out by Professor ten

Brink, and has already yielded most interesting results.

The betterness of the Ellesmere or "A" type of MS. over the "C"<sup>1</sup> one would want a whole number of this Magazine to show properly; but a very few instances may be given here, besides a mention of the facts that in the Franklin's Tale the Ellesmere has 8 hitherto unknown lines which have not yet been found in any other MS., and that in line 1807 of Group A (the Knight's Tale) it removes the terrible stumbling-block to rhyme-men of the Harleian's *jealousye* with *me*, by correcting the former to "jollitee." In the one pathetic "tragedye,"—borrowed from Dante—in the Monk's Tale, when Count Ugolino in the dungeon with his children hears the jailer shut the door above them, and feels it is the signal for the slow starvation of him and his little ones, the Harleian type (C) has the line on the door-shutting thus:

"He herd it wel, but he [ne] *saugh* it nought;" while the Ellesmere type has the far finer reading, unquestionably Chaucer's: "He herde it wel, but he [ne] *spak* right nought."

This is poetry for prose. Again, in the Clerk's Tale, when Grisilde has heard her husband's command that she is no longer to be his wife, but is to go back naked to her father's hovel, she humbles herself to him, saying, in the Harleian type—

"I ne held me neuere digne in no manere  
To ben your wyf, *ne* *gyl* your chamberere"  
(housemaid);

while the Ellesmere type brings out the contrast of the last line by reading it thus—

"I ne heeld me neuere digne in no manere  
To be youre wyf; *no*, *ne* youre chamberere."

In the fourth line of the Shipman's Tale, where he is describing the Merchant's pretty naughty wife, the Harleian type makes him call her reverent!—

"A wyf he had of excellent beaute,  
And companable, and *reverent* was sche;"

<sup>1</sup> Its betterness over the "B" one can be seen by a glance at any one page of the Chaucer Society's "Six-text."

<sup>2</sup> The Clarendon Press Delegates mean to undertake this. The Chaucer Society's work will save their editors no end of trouble, and the Press much money. The Delegates ought to help the Society.

<sup>3</sup> Tyrwhitt chose this type, but unluckily followed poor MSS. of it, and had not grammatical knowledge enough to correct their and his own mistakes.

<sup>4</sup> Temporary Preface, p. 29, note.



a reading which the Ellesmere sets right by substituting "revelous"—

"A wyf he hadde, of excellent beautee,  
And compaignable, and *revelous* was she."

In all these cases the superior reading of the Ellesmere, or "A" type, is self-evident. That in other instances the Harleian has the better readings I admit; but the balance is on the Ellesmere side; and even if it were not, its freedom from the Harleian provincial plurals in *us*, and participles in *ud*, makes it the better basis for the standard text of hereafter.

A few last words on the rest of the Chaucer Society's work. Not only has the Six-text, or parallel-column edition, of all the "Canterbury Tales" except the prose Parson's Tale been published, or put in the binder's hands for speedy issue, but a separate print of each MS. has also been given; and there can be little doubt that the print of Lord Ellesmere's fine MS. will become the basis of all future editions of the Canterbury Tales. This MS. contains twenty-three most curious and interesting coloured drawings of the tellers of the Tales; showing the Miller with his bagpipe, the Summoner with his garland and cake, the Wife of Bath in her footmantle astride her horse, &c.; and fac-similes of these drawings, coloured and plain, have been issued by the Society. All the known originals and analogues of the Canterbury Tales are also in course of issue, with the two supplementary Tales written by two of Chaucer's successors. For the Minor Poems, a Parallel-Text edition has been published of the "Death of Blaunche," from the only two MSS. now known, and from Thynne's print from another MS. in 1532; of the "Parlament of Fowles" from eleven MSS.; and the "Compleynte to Pite," and "Compleynte of Mars," each from six MSS. The "ABC" has been printed with (for the first time) its French original by G. de Deguileville; and the hitherto unknown first version of the "Prologue to the Legende of Good Women" from the Camb. Univ. Libr. MS., Gg. 4. 27, was printed in No. 161.—VOL. XXVII.

1871, opposite the standard and (I believe) later version from the Fairfax MS.: full of interest and importance the differences are. A detailed comparison, in parallel columns, of Chaucer's *Troilus* with Boccaccio's *Filistrato*—from which Chaucer translated nearly half his poem—is also in the press, under Mr. William Michael Rossetti's editorship. Some Essays on Chaucer have been issued,<sup>1</sup> as well as three Parts of Mr. Alexander J. Ellis's great work—which is a credit to English scholarship—on "Early English Pronunciation, with special reference to Chaucer and Shakspeare." The Society is also preparing a Concordance and Glossary to Chaucer's works.

But the Society is heavily in debt (700*l.*); could not, indeed, have done what it has done, but for the liberality of its printer, Mr. Charles Childs of Bungay, who, a man of great cultivation himself, has taken a generous interest in its work. I have, therefore, written this paper, first to try and wake a few men up from the disgraceful sluggishness and ignorance of the mass of Englishmen about Chaucer, and show them the work that is being done at him; secondly, to try and draw from Mr. Bradshaw, as well for his own fame's sake as for Chaucer's, his long-promised and long-delayed Globe Edition of Chaucer's works—without which the general public will not recognise what genuine Chaucer is;—thirdly, to try and get some help for the Chaucer Society to enable it to finish its work quickly—say, a subscription down, and ten guineas for back Parts, to help off the stock, and help on the present and future years' work.<sup>2</sup>

F. J. FURNIVALL.

<sup>1</sup> Among these is an important discussion of the doctrine of the final *e* by Professor Joseph Payne, and a critical edition of Chaucer's "Compleynte to Pity," by Professor B. ten Brink.

<sup>2</sup> Arthur J. Snelgrove, Esq., London Hospital, E., is Hon. Sec. of the Chaucer and Ballad Societies. The Hon. Sec. of the Early English Text Society is G. Joachim, Esq., St. Andrew House, Change Alley, London, E.C.

## A SLIP IN THE FENS.

## CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. GAI THORNE had hardly slept, but was astir soon after daybreak. On her way downstairs she peeped into Elsie's room and found her fast asleep, looking so placid and happy that she did not disturb her.

Mrs. Gaithorne moved much more slowly than was usual with her, at the beginning of such a busy day as this promised to be. It seemed as if she was planning some scheme to set matters right. Presently, when she had fastened back all the shutters and set the kitchen-door open, she took her black bonnet down from the hook, tied the strings in a decided manner, as if she had made up her mind, and set out for the dairy. The air was cold and raw, and there was a heavy fog over the meadow. The fens are in a perpetual ague. Yesterday they were parched and feverish, now they shuddered with the cold. Many people waste their lives here, and know nothing different. If Mrs. Gaithorne had been conscious of a lighter air while she lived with the Lillingstones, she attributed it, in some vague way, to wealth and its influence; so she did not know that she felt its heaviness, she only said to herself, "If I hadn't plenty to do I shouldn't like to hear that engine going all day long," and she quickened her pace, for the thought of "plenty to do" brought to her mind the plenty well done which always stirred her housewifely pride, and now coaxed her back into cheerfulness. But this cheerfulness was not thorough, and it did not spend itself pleasantly. Jim the farm-boy felt its energy, and so did the dairy people, though somewhat deservedly, for they showed a tendency to gossip, quite unusual at that early hour.

Elsie slept long after her usual time, but Mrs. Gaithorne was still in the dairy

when she went down. As she lighted the fire and set the place in order, she went from time to time to the door and looked out at the morning. This had brightened into pleasantness. The dew had settled on the grass, and showed the tracks of the fowls as they grouped wistfully round the brick path waiting for Mrs. Gaithorne. Then Elsie reproached herself for loitering, and was going out to find her, when an unexpected cackling of the fowls announced her arrival. The loud remonstrative cackle that quickly succeeded this, however, noted the unusual conduct on her part, for she carried their food straight past them and hurried on to the house as soon as she saw Elsie.

"Well, child, you're looking fresh enough now, *though* you were up so late last night, or this morning as I ought to say." She rested her sieve of corn for a minute on the table. "I ran in to tell you that it's well after all you decided on stopping here, for that was Joe Bailey's boy who you frightened, and it's like to be all over the parish soon that you were out there."

"Did he know me, then?" Elsie asked quickly.

"I've heard no sound of you as yet, but there is no knowing how those things come out, and I wouldn't for anything that you'd be going away just now—that would set all their tongues a-going; but I think we can manage that they don't know nothing about it. As for Master Claude, I've got a trimming ready for him as soon as I can catch him alone."

The "trimming" heightened the colour on Elsie's cheek, but she said nothing.

"Joe's father was took worse in the evening, and it was in going to fetch physio for him that he took fright at you, the little fool. Now if you'll clean out the

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dining-room," gathering up her sieve, "I'll take up the hot water myself. We must manage to keep you as much as possible out o' their way this morning;" and Mrs. Gaithorne went back to the fowls that had huddled impatiently round the door.

She was still feeding them when Elsie ran back to her quickly.

"Here's a note I've found on the table; it's directed to Miss Grey."

"That's Mr. Claude's writing," said Mrs. Gaithorne, taking it from her hand. "Well! what can he be up to now? Well, I suppose I must take it to Miss Mildred, but *why* he can't speak to her when he's in the same house with her is more than I can make out. I hate those nonsensical whimsies. I'll call them in a few minutes, and take it then. Now be as quick as you can with your work, there's no time to waste."

An hour later the room was looking fresh and pleasant, with its French window open. Mr. Lillingstone was walking thoughtfully up and down under the verandah, waiting for the ladies. Mildred came in and looked round hurriedly.

"There you are, uncle. I wanted to find you, for I have a note from Claude. He went off to Cambridge before six o'clock."

Mr. Lillingstone looked up, then down again, without saying anything, but he listened attentively.

"He says he is so disappointed at not getting nets here that he has gone to get some in Cambridge; and he will bring a croquet set with him also, that the evening may not be so dull; but I think it is a pity, do you not? The day would have passed off better if he had stayed here to amuse them."

"Oh, oh!" said Mr. Lillingstone, still pacing up and down, and continuing his own musing. "The butterfly nets!—is it?" then stopping before his niece, he held out his hand for the note, and, fixing his glass on his nose, he glanced over it, but did not wait to read it.

"Mildred," he said, in a confidential tone, "you're a sensible *girl*; I can trust you. Let me have a word with

you before the others come down," and the two walked out into the garden.

As soon as they were out of hearing from the house, Mr. Lillingstone began, "Did you hear a noise in the night?"

"Of screaming? yes; it woke me up. I did not like to disturb Mrs. Gaithorne to ask what it was: but afterwards the maid ran upstairs and told me it was some boy; she did not wait, however, to give any further particulars."

Mr. Lillingstone nodded to himself. He had already made sure that it was Elsie by asking Mrs. Gaithorne. "Well! It *was* a boy who made the noise. He was startled by seeing two figures near these *in*-teresting ruins; and *those* figures," he added slowly, pointing every word with his eye-glass, "were that maid and our Claude." He stepped back a pace or two to see the effect this would have on Mildred. "Well, young lady, what have you to say to that?"

She met his inquiry with a quiet smile, but this amused look soon changed to one of sadness. "I am not so very much surprised."

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed her uncle, coming down at once from his superior position. "My good girl, what do you mean?"

"Very little; only I thought his manner rather odd yesterday, and I noticed that the girl behaved a little oddly too;—but here are the party from the inn. If you wish this to be hushed up we ought not to be seen consulting together."

"You are right; but I shall want to speak to you after post is in. I shall have letters of importance;" he looked at her intelligently.

"I shall be ready at any time," and she turned away quickly to receive Dobree and his companions; at the same time, Laura stepped out into the verandah, dressed as usual in frills and smiles.

Mrs. Gaithorne, who had followed close behind with the breakfast, overheard Mildred retailing the contents of the note; and as she left the room she thought Claude a worse coward even than she had suspected.

"I can tell you what that letter was about, Elsie," she said, as soon as she got back into the kitchen. "Mr. Claude's gone to Cambridge, and he won't be back till dinner-time. Like enough he didn't care to be all the morning with his father," she added, smiling satirically to herself.

This suggested "the trimming" to Elsie's mind, so she was rather glad that Claude was out of the way for the time.

When the post came in, Mr. Lillingstone called Mildred as he had promised. He told her what had passed in the night, and spoke out his anger very strongly against Claude, "not altogether on account of the affair with Elsie, but for his deceit in the matter. Such a mean, paltry lie; I have hardly slept all night for thinking of it;" and the old man stopped and turned away his face. "I've had my eye upon him for some time," he said, after a little while; "and now I begin to have my doubts of Claude. However, he's gone," he resumed, with more energy, "and we must try to keep him away. I think I have settled how to do it."

Then Mr. Lillingstone showed Mildred that the original plan for Claude to stop at the farm to read was now quite out of the question. Indeed, it would not be advisable for him to come back at all, so he intended to send Luard after him at once with instructions for him to remain where he was, as they would all follow him there in the course of the day. Then Claude was to go down with them into Scotland. He would not venture to object to this, under the circumstances; and when once there it would be easy to find some quiet place where he could read till the vacation was over.

Mildred knew Claude too well to feel so confident of the ultimate success of this device; but she said nothing, as she did not wish to make her uncle uncomfortable to no purpose, and she could not suggest anything that would be more binding on Claude.

The version that was to be given to everybody around was easily arranged. Mr. Lillingstone had received a letter from Captain Macneill—to whose place

they were going—persuading him very strongly to hasten the journey. His brother, also, a schoolboy friend of Mr. Lillingstone's, had just come home from the Continent, with his two daughters. They were now in Perth, but they would not think of staying there after the last week in September, as the younger was too delicate to bear the cold of the north. Captain Macneill urged his friend to go down at once, as it would be much more cheerful for his nieces if they had companions, in what he chose to call his "dull country place."

Mr. Lillingstone had really heard from Scotland that morning, and though the letter was only a repetition of hospitable civilities, now that the visit was imminent, he was glad to avail himself of it to the letter.

"As he was on such intimate terms with Macneill, a word or two aside to him when they met would prevent any possibility of the young people finding out that he had somewhat strained its meaning."

While he was planning this there flashed through his mind an additional satisfaction. "The companions were to be young ladies—intellectual, handsome girls." He little suspected Claude's aversion to "intellectual" women. If they were agreeable, they exacted too much of his indolence; and if they were disagreeable, he positively wriggled at the thought of being shown up by them. It was the worst thing his father could have devised. Meanwhile he valued himself on it very much; this was plain in his increased pomposity when he closed the conversation.

"Well, now, Mildred," making a slight ceremonious bow to his niece, as he shut his glasses with a click, "I think we may say that we have dismissed this little affair quite satisfactorily, and—as it is likely to pass off without any more difficulty—it would be judicious to withhold this from your mother; we should only be giving her unnecessary pain. But, begad!" and the disturbing thought lowered his tone a little, "she may have been alarmed too! Do you know if she was?"

"Oh, no; when I took her a cup of tea this morning she was much as usual; and since then she has eaten a good breakfast, and has gratified Mrs. Gait-horne by saying she was surprised she had slept so well."

"Good," said Mr. Lillingstone, in a sententious tone. "Now you go and prepare her gently for our move to-day. You can tell her of Macneill's letter; and, by-the-bye, you will not forget to dwell on the point he makes of introducing his girls to her."

Shortly after, the whole place was in a bustle, and there was running upstairs, and in and out; but only Mildred and her uncle knew what it was for. Those who had nothing to do stood in the doorway, and jostled the others who were busily employed; for when Mr. Lillingstone had told Mrs. Gaithorne he wanted to send into Cambridge at once, he let fall that they would all go away the same day, but he did not say why; therefore all except that quick-sighted widow thought something very unusual must have happened. Mildred was upstairs with her mother, and no one ventured to question the old gentleman as he paced restlessly up and down the long passage, waiting till some vehicle should be found for Luard. He held the note ready written for Claude in his hand, and muttered to himself as he kept looking at the door. Presently Elsie ran in from the yard to say that the spring cart would not be back from Soham before eleven o'clock. While she was still speaking, Jim came back breathless from the inn with the answer that Watson had just started for Newmarket; then Mrs. Gaithorne set upon the boy, and rated him soundly for taking a wrong message. "It wasn't Watson they wanted—it was the gig."

"If Watson had gone, no doubt the gig had gone too," Dobree suggested in mediation. But old Mr. Lillingstone cursed the whole country, and did not care who was in the wrong.

"What do you say to try at the Wiley's?" said Bordale, from the back-ground.

"Well, of course," retorted the old

man, facing round upon him suddenly. "Why the deuce hadn't they thought of that before?"

"I'll run down there," said Bordale, snatching up his cap: "I suppose anything will do?"

"It doesn't matter *what*, so that you get a horse that will go," insisted Mr. Lillingstone, regardless of Luard's entry into the town.

"All right!" Bordale shouted, as he ran across the meadow.

Meanwhile Luard was standing by, without presuming to offer a word. Mr. Lillingstone was getting restless again when Bordale suddenly appeared through the road-gate, driving furiously in something very high, that might have been a butcher's cart.

"Splendid to go," he called out as he dashed past the window, and pulled up suddenly before the kitchen door. "Have to be your own whip; not even a boy to be got."

"Now, then," said Mr. Lillingstone, instantly taking Luard's arm, and walking with him towards the door, "you will be as quick as you possibly can. Give this to Claude in time to prevent his returning here."

But when Mr. Lillingstone let him go, Luard did not bound into the cart with the alacrity which was expected of him. He had prolonged difficulty in getting the note into his breast-pocket, during which time he eyed the horse with an unmistakeable expression.

"Don't like the look of him, eh?" said Bordale, who had got down and was ready to give him the reins.

It was a gaunt, raw-boned animal, and its ears were set back with an expression as unmistakeable in its way as Luard's. It had, too, a trick of slightly showing its teeth at intervals.

"Involuntary muscular action, that. The pace will take it out of him," and Bordale laughed as he looked past Luard at Dobree.

Luard did not seem so sure of this; he still stood hesitating. "I don't mind driving," Bordale said good-naturedly. "Ill-looking beast certainly; but with the two of us we shall get in all right."



Luard looked from Bordale to the horse, and back again at Bordale, then jumping into the cart he said over his shoulder, to Dobree, "You said one might as well come to the end at once, didn't you?"

"I did not say a violent one, though," Dobree retorted, laughingly; "but you'll be punctual to-night, or I shall feel bound to look you up."

"Oh, *he's* safe enough with me," said Bordale, flourishing his whip as he drove off.

They had just turned into the road, when Mildred came running down stairs, as Mrs. Gaithorne was hurrying into the larder. "Do you know if any one reminded them of the post-horses?"

"Bless me! No; I'm sure they didn't!" exclaimed Mrs. Gaithorne, looking about in a great bustle, "and that Jim's so slow; but there's Mr. Dobree, if *he* wouldn't mind."

Dobree was ready to go anywhere. "If he'd run down to the ferry, just by the inn, he'd catch them before they got over. It's a good thing you spoke in time," Mrs. Gaithorne said, looking after him.

"Do you think he'll overtake them?" Mildred asked.

"Yes, sure; *he's* quick, and they'll be kept back a little at the ferry."

Dobree got down to the river just as the cart was landing on the opposite side, so that was made all right. He was returning slowly when Scholefield called after him from the inn, where he had been to fetch a specimen case that Laura had professed a great curiosity to see. As they walked on, Dobree told him of the change of plan, and how Luard and Bordale had gone off to keep Claude in Cambridge, as his father had decided on going to Scotland at once, and wished to see him before he started.

"Well, I thought something had happened, because Mrs. Gaithorne's boy came in a great hurry to ask for the loan of the gig. What is the reason of this?"

"That is what no one knows, and Mr. Lillingstone was so anxious to get

Luard off that I have asked no questions; but I strongly suspect that this sudden move has something to do with young Lillingstone. I thought that the story of the 'nets,' as they gave it out at breakfast, was rather flimsy, and you must have noticed that Mr. Lillingstone was quite pre-occupied the whole time. I think there must be something wrong between the father and son," he repeated, reflectively. "Part of his duties seem to have fallen on *you*," he added presently, laughing, as he looked at the little tin case.

"It would appear so; but it is a pity Bordale has gone. From what Mrs. Watson has just told me, he might have entertained Miss Laura with the last edition of his ghost story; for they say that as a boy was passing through the farm last night he saw a man and woman standing at the dairy-door, just where they ought to be, and he persists they were the ghosts. It is lucky for me you passed, or I have no doubt I should still be listening to Mrs. Watson's roundabout story."

Dobree thought for a few minutes.

"Well," said Scholefield, breaking the silence, "do you think *you* can throw any light on the mystery?"

"What do *you* think? Suppose the ghost to be Claude Lillingstone, and that he was seen—and not alone—I can understand the pressing nature of his business in Cambridge."

"Yes; but would he have come back again to-day?"

"Is he coming back to-day? or at least until *we* are all well out of the way. Better keep to your butterflies, I think; and not attempt to interest Miss Langdale in any sensational story," and they dropped the subject as they neared the house.

Mr. Lillingstone had recovered his composure; he went out slowly to meet them in his old formal manner.

"He was extremely sorry that Dobree should have had so much trouble. Indeed," and he looked at Scholefield, including him in his excuses, "he cordially regretted that their visit should end so abruptly."



Then he explained, in a semi-confidential manner, his motive for going away—the motive that was to be given out; and they listened courteously. Of the plan for Claude he said nothing.

"Mrs. Grey is not yet downstairs," he continued, pointing to the dining-room; "but I have just left the young ladies there;" and he went off towards the kitchen to have a few words with Mrs. Gaithorne. He told her it was not likely that Claude would return to Upware—he was going down with them into Scotland. But her difficulties with the unexpectedly early dinner were so pressing, that they gave him ample excuse not to detain her with confidences which he felt she might have claimed, but which it would have been unpleasant for him to give.

On second thoughts, Mrs. Gaithorne did not regret this either, as she told Elsie afterwards. "She thought she could see through these people, and their ways of acting—no doubt Mr. Claude *would* go away with them as his father wished—it suited his convenience just now," and her lips curled a little. But she did *not* tell Elsie she knew he would be obliged to come back to Cambridge in a month, when none of his family would be there, "and no doubt he expected to have it all his own way;" for during the morning she had seen that Elsie was cheerful and active as ever, and she attributed this to the effect of her own advice, and the girl's strong sense. Elsie was different to anybody she had ever known, but then, "she had always been a strange child." She was thankful for that now. "She would not advise her any more on the subject to-day; the poor girl had been worried enough already; and, during the month, she would have many opportunities of reminding her of the hints she had already given her."

Elsie herself was very little affected by hearing that Claude's departure was final. She was thankful that "these people" were going away, and that she should not see Claude with them any more; but the coming here had been a great break in her quiet life, and some-

how—although she was glad they were going—their packing made her feel dull, and as they left, one party after the other, a sense of desolation came over her, and she longed to be out of it too.

Dobree and Scholefield were lounging about in the garden, reading the papers, and talking to Mr. Lillingstone in a desultory way. Laura, who was evidently in a state of increased excitement and delight, came down stairs from time to time to talk to them, and from what Elsie heard of her chattering at these times, she gathered that Miss Langdale was to be of their party; this was news to her, and though she did not attach more importance to it than it deserved, it helped her depression for the time.

The two young men had refused the offer of the drive into Cambridge; "they would leave more room for the ladies in the carriage, and they should enjoy the walk later in the day." Then, when all arrangements were made, none of them had anything more to do. They waited about in a restless way, to which Elsie was unaccustomed, and the hours seemed long to her while they waited.

At last they were gone, and Dobree was returning from a solitary stroll on the road, where he had first come with Luard a month ago, when he saw Elsie carrying a bundle; she was going towards Wicken. He stopped her. "Why, Elsie, how is this? Surely you are not going home!"

"Yes, sir, I only came to help Mrs. Gaithorne while young Mr. Lillingstone was here—and I'm not wanted now that he's gone away," she added reluctantly, seeing that Dobree did not appear to understand her.

"Gone! but he is not gone away altogether, is he?" Dobree exclaimed involuntarily.

Elsie was puzzled, but at the same time it pleased her that Mr. Dobree, no more than herself, believed that he had left for good.

"Mrs. Gaithorne told me they were all going to Scotland," she said quickly, "and that Mr. Claude would go with them."

Dobree's fixed look of surprise confused her; she turned crimson, and began to move on. This pointed his astonishment, but he asked no more questions.

When she had walked a little distance, he turned and looked after her sadly. Her unusual confusion about Claude recalled many slight things he had noticed the day before. Claude's absence of manner in the early part of the evening, his excitement and good spirits towards the end of it, the disturbance of the morning, and the sudden departure from the fens, all this united to confirm his suspicions; but these he did not yet impart to Scholefield, and if he indulged in unfavourable criticism of Claude, it was chiefly in connection with thoughts such as had crossed his mind before. Now again they thrust themselves upon him, and he did not care to force them back. So their walk home was an unusually silent one.

#### CHAPTER IX.

THE next August found Wicken as it had been the last year. Winter had come with its fogs and floods, and had passed away in its turn. Then the wind blew piteously over the wet ground, and made the willows shiver. Now summer was burning them again, and they were thirsty, and craved for shelter, but there was none; and the lodes were stagnant, and the river sleepy, and the great engine seemed to labour harder than ever with less water to pump away. The cattle were scattered equally between the two villages, for the plague had settled down on them, and there was no thought of separation now. With the first excitement, hope had passed away; the herds grew thinner and the people suffered—there had been no break in the monotony of the fens.

Harvest was nearly over, and the new stacks were made where the last had been. They were finished that day, a day just like that of Claude's first coming here. Elsie was alone as then, the mother and children were at the pits, and it was again grandfather's day at the Stannards'.

Elsie had hurried her usual work to have a little quiet before they all came home; of late, it had become a habit with her to do this, and she was now enjoying herself in her own way. She stood leaning against the door, looking out, with her hands clasped listlessly before her, as if she was waiting—it might have been for her own people, though it was early to expect them yet. Her eyes wandered over her flowers, but she seemed scarcely to notice them—perhaps that was because she knew them all by heart. Whether she looked at them or not, they were a great part of her home to her; their fragrance pervaded it like a memory, always felt through the stillness.

Once there was a break in the stillness—sounds of voices coming up the fen. As they drew nearer, one could hear it was laughter; then it was close, and filled up with the thumping of barges and trampling of feet, but above all, laughter. The light fitful laugh of girls, wishing to stay, yet hurrying to be gone—the low satisfied laugh of men; and in and out and among them sparkled the ringing laugh of children—just as the sunbeams that peeped through the old elms laughed idly over their solemn shade. Elsie drew back involuntarily, though she knew none of them would pass that way. Presently, the sounds dispersed and melted away in the winding lanes, but every now and then a burst of voices would come back through some opening in the hedge, and always it was laughter. But soon that died away, and it was silent again till the sun went down. Then there was stirring in the trees, and the hush of nature before night, and it grew black under the elms.

Suddenly Elsie's attention was arrested by a step lighter than that of the fen labourers. She started, listened eagerly for an instant, then, recollecting herself, she leaned back as before, but with hands now rigidly pressed together, her pale face denying the heavy pulsation that no effort of will could keep down.

As the gate opened, she turned in a forced way, but when she saw Dobree, a

slight flush passed over her face, her hands fell apart, and the scarcely perceptible quivering of her lips betrayed how great her disappointment had been. Dobree noted this, and attributed it rightly, but his manner ignored it.

"Well, Elsie, you see I have found you out again, as I want more of your help. How soon can you get me some ferns like those you collected for me last year?"

Elsie was nervously ready with her answer.

"As soon as you like, sir; I could go and get them to-morrow, if you like."

"You need not hurry so much as that; I am staying at Fordham, and it will be quite in time if you get them within a week."

He began at once to admire her garden, and after a few minutes spent in inquiries and praise of her management, he turned towards the cottage, so that she felt obliged to ask him to rest.

He did not need the rest, he said, but he should not like to go away without seeing the inside of the cottage again. He was glad to find that she was alone, and told her at once the real object of his visit.

He had seen Miss Grey in London a few weeks ago, and when she heard he was coming down there she commissioned him to ascertain if Elsie would be willing to leave her home. A friend of hers wanted a confidential servant; she would have no hard work to do, but this lady was anxious to find some person on whom she might depend. Miss Grey had thought of Elsie, and had instructed him to assure her that if she accepted the offer the new home would be a happy one.

Elsie had blushed deeply at the first mention of Miss Grey's name, but her self-possession returned before he had finished speaking. She refused promptly and firmly, yet with such evident gratitude to Miss Grey, as well as to himself, for their kindness, that Dobree felt that she must have a strong motive for refusing, and that that motive must be a future of which she could not speak.

This was the ineffable look, the expectancy in her eyes, as she stood gazing past him out of the window, her whole being wrapped in something beyond and away from him.

Dobree looked at her as he had done the first day he met her in the fens, she being unconscious. It was the sweet face that had never faded in his memory—glorified, as he had known it might be—and yet he was not glad.

He rose wearily. "I will not take your answer until you have more time to think of it," he said; "if you will get the ferns ready for Thursday evening, I will walk over after dinner and fetch them myself; and I hope," he added, looking at her kindly, "by that time you may have thought better of Miss Grey's proposal."

Elsie smiled in answer, though she could promise nothing, and he went away.

On the night fixed for Dobree's return, Elsie had been watering her garden. The cat, perched on the window-sill, in the shadow of the honeysuckle, had watched all her movements with a critical air, and so far seemed to have nothing to complain of in her proceedings; more than that, she even allowed herself to be petted after it was all over, and expressed general approbation in a low purr that was very understandable language to Elsie. She had thought much during the last three days.

Had not Claude asked her to believe in him in spite of unfavourable appearances? Had he not given her the most solemn promise before their last parting? It is true *he had not come back* when the term began! . . . It was bad to bear, but he might have had good reasons for that. Again, what did unfavourable appearances mean, if not something unpleasant to herself? All this she would accept; she would yet believe in him, for she knew he loved her.

She could not help attributing Miss Grey's offer of a situation to a plan made by the family to get her away from the fens, suspecting that Claude might *now* be coming there. So her spirits rose in harmony with the summer life that sur-

rounded her, and each new burst of fragrance seemed to confirm as well as to heighten her gladness. Exercise had increased the look of excitement these thoughts had given her, and her hair was arranged more carefully than usual, for she expected Dobree.

She was still stroking her favourite when he appeared at the gate, and as he paused to look at her before raising the latch, he wished he had not undertaken Miss Grey's errand so readily, or at least that he did not feel bound in truth to her to speak that which he felt he must speak, ever since he had parted from her three nights ago. "However," he thought, "this is no place for hesitation, and the probability is that I would not shirk it if I could." So he met Elsie's look of welcome more naturally and with a greater show of firmness than he really felt. Elsie ran off at once to fetch the ferns, which she said were better than the last she had got for him, and her quiet manner, no less than her bright eyes, showed how pleased she was at the praise he gave to her good packing.

She then led the way indoors, and put the ferns on the window-sill near the myrtle, while she offered him grandfather's chair, now drawn close to the open window. This he refused, for he felt he could not be still just now. "He was not going to stay long, but *she* must sit down; there was no occasion for her to stand."

This she also refused, and stood within the recess of the window, in what she called "her own place." The thrush came bustling down to the nearest corner of the cage with inquisitiveness in its eyes, and a sharp little "Quitt," that received a kind look for answer. This, however, was not quite satisfactory, as he let her know, by a still greater show of bustling; so she leaned forward, chattering to it, and it returned to its perch, coming down now and then afterwards to show that it still kept up an interest in its mistress. Dobree had made a few paces in the room and come back again.

"Are your people always out? No place seems so still to me as this cottage, and yet you are such a large family."

Elsie smiled an amused smile. "It's noisy enough in the mornings and evenings, but now it's harvest-time, and they all come later; that helps to make it seem more quiet just now; but grandfather's home—in the back garden," noticing Dobree's quick look round; "he'll not be coming in till sundown; he says he likes to make the most of these long days; and he does a good bit, too, *though* he's so old."

"Quitt," said the thrush, and Dobree and Elsie looked towards it.

They were both silent.

"You like your home very much, I suppose?"

"I like it more and more—I love it better than ever." She stopped suddenly, and turned her head away, blushing at the excitement she had shown.

They were again silent.

"Have you thought about what I asked you the other evening?"

"Yes."

"You have not changed your mind?"

"No—thank you for your kindness; and please to thank Miss Grey too, but—I *must* stay at home."

Dobree was half disappointed, although this was what he had expected; he looked past her into the garden for some minutes; then, rousing himself,—

"Well, I suppose I ought not to try and persuade you against what you think right; but should anything arise to make you change your plans—or suppose, for instance, you should not be wanted so much at home as you are now—I know I can promise you Miss Grey's help in obtaining a situation out of this place. You need only let Miss Porteous know of your wish."

"Thank you," and the least perceptible smile played on Elsie's lips; "but that would be for a long while, as Rettie is still very young," and she looked down at the ferns as if ready to give them to him; but he was not willing to go, though he followed her movement.

"Have you had a good sale for them this season?"

"For the ferns, sir? No, not so good as last year. I got several for friends of

our clergyman—and—also for Miss Grey's relations, then."—

"Ah! yes, I remember Mr. Lillingstone sent away several baskets from here; but," and he turned away from her and looked into the garden again, "he has been a great deal too busy lately to think of those things."

Something in the tone of his voice suggested a horrible thought to Elsie. "He was very busy with his books last year, wasn't he?" she said, breathing quickly.

A quick light in Dobree's eye showed his scorn.

"I believe he was, but he gave up college life after he left Mrs. Gaithorne's last year, and two months ago he was married; he is now travelling with his wife;" and he pretended to see something new in the elm-trees opposite him.

Elsie leaned against the window-frame. She felt her face was white, and that her lips twitched helplessly now and then. This must not be; she must *not* give way. Yes, there was the garden, cool, rich, and sweet, the smell of the honeysuckle, and her little friend in the cage, and Mr. Dobree, too, looking out of the window quite close to her. Now and then they all swayed up and down. She *must not* give way—she must speak soon—what will he think?—she must say something presently.

"Quitt, quitt," said the thrush, puzzled at the long silence.

Dobree turned his attention to it, speaking low, close to the bars.

Elsie fixed her eyes on them both, and they swayed up and down. What should she say if she were any one else? It seemed an age since the stillness had been broken. "Did he take honours, as he expected?" Her voice, though low, was hard, and seemed painfully clear to her.

Dobree glanced slightly at her before answering; and he groaned within himself at the misery so wantonly caused—the life so early blighted—when "it might have been so different." "No, he disappointed his friends very much by giving up reading altogether some time ago; but I must go now." He took up the basket, and put out his hand. "Good-bye, Elsie, and remember what I have said about Miss Grey; you may trust her. She likes you, and will be a friend if you want one, I am sure; and—but it is no matter, it is of little consequence now—good-bye," and he turned away to avoid seeing the quivering lips that strove so hard to be still.

She followed him to the door, and nodded a "good-bye," when he shut the gate. Some time after, she felt a warm soft pressure on her foot, as the cat passed and re-passed, rubbing her back against the hem of her dress, and purring to gain her notice, but in vain.

Elsie was scarcely conscious of this. She was still looking out, attracted—fascinated, it would seem, by the golden pinnacles of the stacks that rose clear from the vague shadow of the trees, and nursed the flattering rays of the daylight after the day had gone.

PROBLEMS OF CIVILIZATION.<sup>1</sup>

BY T. HUGHES, M.P.

CIVILIZATION, for our present purpose, means the increase of the means and appliances of life—material, intellectual, social—which the accumulation of wealth, the progress of science, and the consequent growing facilities of communication of all kinds, have placed, and are placing, more and more within the reach of men and women in our time. With reference to this civilization, I should wish to consider, so far as the limits of these addresses will allow, how far it has improved this nation; what are its shortcomings; by what influences these may be set right.

The test of improvement which I recognize is, the relations of persons, and of classes of persons, to each other; are these better or worse? Have the family relations been strengthened? Do parents and children, husbands and wives, friends, connections, understand, respect, love each other better? Or again, have relations outside the family been strengthened? Are the various classes of the community on better terms? Do masters and servants, employers and employed, rich and poor, buyers and sellers, look more kindly upon and deal more uprightly with each other than they used to do? The opinions of one man on such subjects will of course be influenced by his education, and the standpoint from which he looks; but they may at any rate help you to check your own. The subject, however, must still be narrowed, so that I may not be straying about over the whole world, and indulging in speculations, which may be tempting, but can scarcely be profitable. I propose therefore to confine myself to our own country. These islands, besides being our own native land, and therefore more dear to us than all the rest of the globe, are undoubtedly

—Abridged from a Lecture delivered to the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh.

the battle-field upon which many of the most interesting "problems of civilization" will have to be worked out. There are of these more than enough to occupy us for, not two, but a hundred nights. It is necessary, therefore, again to make a selection amongst them, and your rules supply a sifting machinery for this purpose. We may set aside at once then all those problems which have become mixed up with party politics. The loss will not be great; for the deepest and most human questions—those which affect us more as men and Englishmen than as Tories or Whigs, Radicals or Conservatives—have not yet claimed the attention of the front benches. Of those which remain we may also pass by the various speculations as to forms of government, and proposals for remodelling our institutions, which have been propounded of late with more or less noise and ability. The more violent of them have elicited no response from the nation. The moderate ones—which have for their aim in one way or another to supersede party government, to make the best brains of the nation available for the permanent administration of its affairs, and to avoid by some readjustment of details the necessity of obtaining the consent of the majority of English householders to everything which is done in relation to public business by their nominal rulers—might be considered to flavour of politics, and are scarcely fit subjects for treatment before a general audience.

And so at last, by the process of exhaustion, we approach those "problems of civilization" upon which I propose to speak to you. Our process of selection has reduced us, you will see, to those which are the most common; about some of which every person in this room must have been thinking in the past year, and will have to think



again and again in this and future years, if they mean to do their duty as Englishmen and Englishwomen. They may be classed generically as "social" problems, and are, to my mind at least, of more vital importance than all others. For if, on the one hand, society has for certain purposes become all-powerful, and there is no fear amongst us of changes which will put in hazard law and order, life and property, yet he would be a bold man who would deny that most of the old bonds which held communities of men together are giving way, in England as elsewhere; or, as Dr. Newman puts it in his last book, that "alterations of a serious kind are taking place in the structure of society." This fact must be looked bravely and squarely in the face. The only safety for society lies in turning plenty of light on to the processes by which these structural alterations are being wrought out. Social forces, like the forces of nature, are terrible to those who will not study and understand them: but he who will may make the lightning carry his messages, and the sun paint his pictures.

Accepting then as undoubtedly true the statement, that disintegration is the danger of civilization, and that its various processes are more active than ever before in our modern English society, let us look a little at the causes which have produced this state of things. I believe that any person entering on this inquiry in earnest will find himself confronted at a very early period with the fact of the astounding increase of wealth in the country within the last few years. He will have to make up his mind about the bearings of this fact, and, unless I am mistaken, will be forced to the conclusion that most of our social problems have their root here. The rapid accumulation of material wealth is one great disintegrant, one cause of the serious alterations in the structure of modern society. Let us first look for a moment at the bare facts. These were brought out vividly by Mr. Gladstone in his Christmas speech at Liverpool, which has drawn upon him so many, and such alarmed criticisms, from our daily and weekly instructors. "It may surprise

you to hear," said the Premier, "but I believe it to be true, that more wealth has in this little island of ours been accumulated since the commencement of the present century—that is, within the lifetime of many who are still amongst us—than in all the preceding ages, say from the time of Julius Cæsar. And again, at least as much wealth in the last twenty as in the preceding fifty years. If we ask where is this to end, when is this marvellous progress to be arrested, when will this great flood-tide begin to ebb? I for one know not. I am by no means sure that we are even near high water." The "leaps and bounds" of our material progress, to which Mr. Gladstone refers, are well illustrated by the reports of the Board of Trade for 1872. The people of these islands, according to Mr. Chichester Fortescue and his "Registrar-General," "Accountant and Controller General," and other returning officers, imported for their consumption between the 1st of January and 31st of December, 1872, 353,375,740*l.* worth of foreign and colonial merchandise, being an advance of nearly twenty-three millions on the previous year (330,754,359*l.*), and of more than sixty millions on the year 1870. During the same twelve months our exports of British and Irish produce amounted to 255,961,000*l.*, showing an increase of thirty-two millions over those of 1871, and of fifty-five millions over those of 1870. This is of course only one item, though the largest, in the wealth producing and accumulating powers of the country. So far from these being likely to decrease, it would seem to be much more probable that the rate will increase at least as rapidly as heretofore, in spite of the labour war which is raging so bitterly amongst us. In the past year, by the adoption of *one* invention in our iron-working districts, hand puddling is likely to be superseded, and the producing power of the country more than doubled, while thousands of workmen will be left free for other occupations. What Danks' puddling furnace is doing for the iron-master, other inventors are doing for other industries. If the past twenty years have been equal to the previous fifty, and the two

together (as Mr. Gladstone calculates) equal to the 1,800 years since Julius Caesar, it is almost certain that the next ten years will in their turn equal the past twenty.

This marvellous piling up of wealth is generally considered to afford us English a subject for unlimited self-complacency. It accounts, at the same time, we are wont to think, for the jealousy and dislike with which foreigners regard us. It *does* indicate, doubtless, great prosperity—of a kind; wealth well made and well spent being, in Mr. Goldwin Smith's words, "as pure as the rill that runs from the mountain-side"—an unmixed blessing to men, societies, nations. But then it must be "well made" and "well spent," and one or two considerations occur as to this.

It is now just thirty years ago since Mr. Carlyle startled those of us who are old enough to remember them by the opening sentences of his "Past and Present." "This successful industry of England, with its plethoric wealth, has as yet made nobody rich; it is an enchanted wealth, and belongs as yet to nobody. Which of us has it enriched? We can spend thousands where we once spent hundreds; but can purchase nothing good with them. In poor and rich, instead of noble thrift and plenty, there is idle luxury alternating with mean scarcity and inability. We have sumptuous garnitures for our lives, but have forgotten to live in the middle of them. It is an enchanted wealth, no man of us can touch it. The class of men who feel that they are truly better off by means of it, let them give up their name."

Have thirty intervening years, during which our material progress has been such as Mr. Gladstone has pictured, improved the state of things which Mr. Carlyle was then denouncing in the tones of an old Jewish prophet? Can we honestly answer "Yes," with any confidence? Improvement in many directions all will admit, particularly that central and all-important fact, behind which we may look for all good in the end—the wakening up of the national conscience. But the connec-

tion of this with our material progress is by no means clear, and in the region of wealth, in the methods of getting and spending, I question whether we are not in most respects worse off than our fathers; whether England did not, comparatively speaking, rule her wealth in their time, and is not ruled by it now.

Take the first test, the relations between employers and employed. Has the immensely increased production, the result of their joint work, improved these? The industrial war which has broken out afresh, and with increased bitterness, in England, is the answer. Thirty years ago the old small-master system was still strong in many trades; there was not a single amalgamated trades society in existence; the employer often worked with his men—generally had some personal knowledge of them. Now, in almost every trade the large shops have swallowed the small; the big manufacturers have shouldered the small men out of the markets. The workmen are organized in great industrial armies, while the individual scarcely knows his employer by sight; acknowledges no relationship between them, except that which is discharged weekly at the hole in the pay-office, through which the wages are thrust by a clerk.

But apart from the labour question (to which I shall have to return again), are there, in the various walks of life, more human beings who look with confidence and pleasure on the possessors of wealth because of their possessions? Are there more upon whom they look with confidence and pleasure? If not, the wealth still continues enchanted. It is not performing the one useful function in the world for which it was intended. And here again the facts of our daily lives form a sad comment on their increasing luxury and sumptuousness. Domestic service, which should be, and undoubtedly at one time was, an inheritance, a valued relationship handed down through generations, was never, so far as one can judge, in so inhuman a condition as now. As wealth increases, the number of servants is multiplied, and

their wages rise; but no money can buy willing and faithful service, which is now as rare as it is precious. In London, at any rate, an evil kind of trades unionism exists amongst servants, which not only endeavours to exact the maximum of wage for the minimum of work, but does not discountenance customs which carry awkward names in police courts. Master and man, maid and mistress, live indeed together, but have no common life, and would seem to be rather awaiting sullenly the time when some new arrangement will free both sides from an irksome yoke.

Outside the household the same loosening of bonds, or disintegration, is apparent on all sides. The phrase "Feudalism or business," which has almost passed into a proverb in the South of England, the movements as to game and tenant-right, show how the process is working in the upper regions of country life; while the Agricultural Labourers' Union tells the same tale below.

I am sure you will all recognize the truth of what I have been saying, and will be able to fill up the picture from your own experience, even though we may differ as to the extent to which it can be directly traced to the rapid accumulation of wealth in the last half-century.

Another set of problems are caused by the three factors of our modern civilization, which are, in the opinion of many persons, even more serious than those already noticed. The chief of this group is the tendency of our population to accumulate in great cities. I do not propose to attempt an accurate estimate of the displacement which is thus going on, but, roughly speaking, more than three-fourths of our people are now dwellers in towns, or nearly eighty per cent. of the whole population of the country. It would seem, indeed, from the most trustworthy returns, that there has been for some years no increase at all in the rural population of these islands, notwithstanding the large excess of nearly 300,000 a year of births over deaths. Our towns are thus growing, not only by their natural increase, but by the absorption of the whole surplus of the agricultural districts.

Put side by side with this fact the returns of the Registrar-General, which, as a general rule, prove that the death-rate varies according to the density of the population; remember, too, that, in the second generation at any rate, the dwellers in towns deteriorate unmistakably in size, health, and vigour—and you will admit that there is serious cause for apprehension here. It is perfectly true that money is made in towns, not in the country; but this is a price which we cannot afford to pay even for the sake of keeping England the richest country in the world.

"There are two important things," says one of the most thoughtful writers<sup>1</sup> on the subject, "which money cannot buy—a sound mind and a sound body—without which, and compared to which, all riches and all luxury are worse than useless. Therefore, not only Christian morality but common sense says, 'Give us freedom for body and mind—air, space, life for both—perish wealth, manufactures, commercial greatness, the instant they interfere with these. Give us wealth, but let it be wealth in the old full sense of the word—wealth meaning the substance of weal; not wealth in its miserable, narrowed, perverted sense of material possessions—lucre, which may be the means of mere gluttony and enervating luxury—degradation, woe—not weal at all.'"

But as the "progress of civilization" draws more and more of our people to the great centres of population, so when it has got them there it seems inevitably to divide them more and more into separate communities. The rich and poor are further apart than ever. The larger a city grows the more sharply the line is drawn. The new quarters are occupied exclusively by the rich, the ground being too valuable to waste on any but those who can pay heavy ground-rents. To these quarters migrate, gradually but surely, the employers of labour, merchants, professional men, who used to live in the old quarters side by side with the poorer classes. At last, as in the East-end of London, there are great dis-

<sup>1</sup> J. Martineau: "Country, Cities, and Colonies." Longmans.

tricts in which the only residents left above the rank of petty tradesmen, are the parson, and an occasional doctor. Their rich are the publicans, marine store dealers, and pawnbrokers, who thrive too surely in such neighbourhoods.

This migration brings about inevitably the state of things which the clergy, schoolmasters, City missionaries, have been describing so vividly of late years, in Bethnal Green and other East-end districts. The life in them is utterly unnatural. Pauperism, mendicancy, drunkenness, thrive, while all manliness and womanliness dwindles and pines. The main object of the men who are left as a forlorn hope in a well-nigh hopeless struggle, is to get hold of the children; to train them in their schools to regard with fear and loathing the practices and habits which form the staple of the life of their homes; and, at the earliest possible moment, to send them clean away from the place of their birth, and the associations of their childhood.

Again, it is in these neighbourhoods that the class of "roughs" is reared and brought to perfection, which is becoming a serious menace to order in many large towns. The records of the Home Office and of Scotland Yard are scarcely needed to support the conclusion, which the most casual observer may gather from glancing at the police reports in the daily papers, that this class is growing in numbers and unruliness, and that its treatment must before long form one of the serious "problems of civilization."

I think I have now said quite enough for my purpose on this part of our subject. I am quite aware that to many of you, indeed to all who have given serious attention to social questions, all this is quite familiar. But I do not pretend to be telling you new things, or to put old things in any startling light. I simply wish to put before you plainly, and without exaggeration, a sufficient number of well-known and admitted facts to indicate to you the grounds upon which I maintain, first, that the most marked tendency of our modern civilization is disintegration—a loosening of the old bonds of society;

and secondly, although many causes have helped to bring about this state of things, some of which, such as the great advance of science, go perhaps deeper, yet that the great disintegrator has been our material progress; this unprecedented increase of wealth, not in the high and true, but in the vulgar sense of the word—exciting a feverish haste to be rich, and lowering the morality of all engaged in the pursuit; and that that increase in this half-century, during which it has equalled that of the previous 1800 years, instead of knitting together, has divided families, divided households, divided classes, and therefore must have weakened instead of strengthening the nation.

If this be so, then the first question which the student of the "problems of civilization" is bound to ask is, Why? No one seriously denies that the abundance of those things which we can see, and taste, and handle, which we use to satisfy our hungers of different kinds, *ought* to be a blessing—as pure a blessing (to use again Mr. Goldwin Smith's words) as "the rill which runs from the mountain-side." What hinders, then? We English have to answer the question somehow at our peril. Riches have been the subject of religious and philosophic denunciation ever since the world began; and societies and nations have found them troublesome enough to deal with in many parts of the world. But never before, that I know of, was the problem placed so sharply before any time as before this time; and of all nations, ours is that one which is in most jeopardy if it cannot find the true answer. To get command of our riches instead of letting them get the command of us, is in short the great task which is set us, and will bring the solution of most other problems with it. "Getting and spending we lay waste our powers," says the poet, but as we can't help ourselves in this matter, as we must perforce get and spend, how are we to do it so as not to lay waste but to economize our powers, and to make both getting and spending a strength instead of a weakness?

It is, of course, a truism to say, that

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wealth, to be a blessing, must be well got and well spent. But truisms will often bear looking into with profit; and in our present inquiry we must be content to start from this one, and to ask, in the first place, how far our riches are "well gotten" or "well spent."

They are gotten, as we all know, by the industry of our people in producing and exchanging the products of their labour—in other words, in manufacturing and trading. And here one may at once note that if our people had not at some time worked harder, and traded more honestly, than other people, we should not be in the position which we still occupy. No doubt geography and geology count for a good deal. If we had not been born in an island; if we had not been free from foreign invasion for many generations; if we had not had iron and coal in abundance, the task would have been much more severe. But these advantages alone would not have enabled us to do what we have done, if they had not had hard work and upright trading—harder work and more upright trading than could be found elsewhere—behind them. They will disappear, slowly perhaps, but surely, when they have them no longer.

Is there any sign, then, that they are failing us? I wish I could answer "No" unhesitatingly. Of work I shall have to say something hereafter. Of our trade I have already said something, but must here, without pretending to accurate estimates or measurements, or prying curiously into its usages, ask you to look for a moment at one or two notorious facts which lie on the surface. Our cotton trade is the greatest of our industries; we still weave and distribute over the world more fabrics of cotton than all other nations put together. The material well-being of England depends perhaps more upon the texture and durability of our cloths and sheetings than upon any other branch of commerce. And, this being so, we have allowed a large trade to grow up side by side with it, the main, if not the sole object of which is, to adulterate these cotton fabrics of ours—to introduce foreign materials into our goods, which

deceive as to their texture, and injure their durability. I would gladly be convinced of my mistake if I am in error; but I have asked many cotton-spinners, both masters and workpeople, to explain to me the use and meaning of "sizing;" what it effects for the goods they produce so diligently; how it adds, not to their selling, but to their wearing value, and the answers have landed me, sorrowfully enough, in the above conclusion. They have shown me also that the "sizer's" trade has been growing more rapidly than ever of late years. The wealth which comes out of "sized" cotton, or any such product, cannot be said, I think, to be in any sense "well gotten."

I will take one other instance from the other end of our empire. The great mainstay of our Indian revenue is the Government monopoly of opium. This drug England manufactures and sells to the Chinese people chiefly, with the full knowledge that it is the cause of untold misery to the purchasers, and against the strenuous and oft-repeated protests of the Government of that country. Does it strike you that the wealth which comes from opium can be well-gotten wealth, or that this is the kind of example which the richest nation in the world should be setting to her sister nations, who are toiling after her up the great trade ladder?

I fear that the conclusions which Mr. Emerson drew some years back from the state of trade on the other side of the Atlantic, apply here with at least equal force. "I content myself," he says, "with the fact, that the general system of our trade (apart from the blacker traits, which, I hope, are exceptions, denounced and unshared by all reputable men) is a system of selfishness; is not dictated by the high sentiments of human nature; is not measured by the exact law of reciprocity, much less by the sentiments of love and heroism; but is a system of distrust, of concealment, of superior keenness, not of giving but of taking advantage. It is not what a man delights to unlock to a noble friend, which he meditates on with joy and self-approval in his hour of love and aspiration; but rather what he then puts



out of sight, only showing the brilliant result, and atoning for the manner of acquiring by the manner of spending it. I do not charge the merchant or manufacturer. The sins of our trade belong to no class, to no individual; one plucks, one distributes, one eats; everybody partakes, everybody confesses—with cap and knee volunteers his confession—yet none feels himself accountable. He did not create the abuse; he cannot alter it. What is he? An obscure private person who must get his bread. That is the vice—that no one feels himself called upon to act for man, but only as a fraction of a man. It happens, therefore, that all such ingenuous souls as feel within themselves the irrepressible strivings of a noble aim, who by the law of their natures must act simply, find these ways of trade unfit for them, and they come forth from it. Such cases are becoming more numerous every year." One is glad to hear that this is so in America. It must come to be so in England; for until it is so, the national conscience will not be touched, until the national conscience is touched the abuses will not be reformed; our wealth will remain ill-gotten. As yet I fear there are more and more of our "ingenuous souls" rushing into these ways every year, with their eyes shut, impelled by the modern gad-fly of haste to make money. On the other hand, happily, we are not without signs that an awakening of the national conscience against the trade gospel is going on, at least amongst the great masses of our wealth producers. I shall have to speak of this in connection with the labour question. Meantime, we must look for a few moments at the other branch of the present inquiry. Do we, then, atone for our manner of acquiring riches by our manner of expending them? Are we getting better or worse in this matter?

Take first the great masses of our people. It is perhaps hardly fair for a nation which has till within the last three years given them no voice in legislation—which in legislating, in education, in administration, has followed the law of *laissez faire*; and, in theory and

practice, has treated men's labour as a commodity to be bought in the cheapest market with as little danger or compunction as bales of cotton or sacks of corn (ignoring steadily the fact that labourers have wills, and passions, and consciences, which bales of cotton and sacks of corn have not)—to expect wise forethought or noble thrift from its poor. Instead of finding matter for blame in their thriftlessness, I am rather inclined to wonder at, and be thankful for, the amounts, which the returns of the registrar of Industrial and Friendly societies, of the savings banks, and of the trades unions, prove to have been set aside out of their wages. At the same time I cannot honestly acquit them of thriftlessness in the face of notorious facts. The great strike in South Wales shows how few, even amongst highly paid workmen, are more than a week or two before the world. And if they do not save, neither do they spend wisely. I am not sure that statistics which you may have seen, showing that the amount per head spent by the poor in articles of clothing and furniture has been decreasing in the last few years, can be relied on. At any rate, I have not been able to find any trustworthy evidence on this point. But there are the excise returns which can be relied on, and these show, that in the past year the amount of home-made spirits retained for consumption as beverages only (and which must have been consumed chiefly by them) exceeded that of 1871 by more than two millions of pounds sterling, and reached the astounding total of nineteen millions. On the other hand, it is notorious that, in England at least, even our very poor will buy nothing but the finest wheaten bread, and reject Australian meat. These may be proofs of prosperity, as is often urged, and I am not going to argue the point. All I say is, that they are not proofs of wisdom. No one will call this wise spending. But if the income of our wages-earning classes cannot be said to be well spent, how stands the case with those classes who should be an example to them? We have no concern now with that



part of the national income which goes in sustaining and developing industrial enterprise. Often the investment may indeed be questioned from a national point of view, as where great districts are straining every nerve to double and quadruple their mills, and multiply their shafts and furnaces, without an apparent thought of the health of the population, or of the beauties of nature which they are destroying by polluting the air and the water. But of the balance, of our superfluous income, what can be said? What do we do with it? No one can travel in these islands without noticing one chief use to which it is being put just at present. Like the rich man in Scripture, every one of us is pulling down his barns and building greater. We can't live in houses which served our fathers. If this expenditure were more on public edifices than on private dwellings—on churches, town halls, colleges, galleries, museums—one could look on it without misgivings; but in their private dwellings classes, like men, may be overhoused. When every man who makes his fortune must have a barrack to live in as big as that of a great noble, one is driven to think of what it entails—of the multiplication of wants, and the armies of people required to minister to them—of the enervating atmosphere of great houses, and the effect on those who are bred in them. An inquiry into the antecedents of the occupants of our workhouses would bring out some startling revelations as to the proportion of paupers recruited from the ranks of domestic service in great houses.

Let us admit, however, that the difficulty of getting rid of superfluous wealth must be a very serious one; and that those who have to solve it are to a great extent the slaves of custom, and have almost no voice in the matter. A rich man of genius may sometimes strike out a new method, such as the Eglintoun tournament, which some of you may remember; but, for the most part, it must run in grooves, which are always wearing themselves deeper.

A busy professional friend of mine had lodgings some years ago in the

West-end of London, opposite the house of a lady of high fashion. While thus housed, a niece from the country was entrusted to him, a bright girl of fifteen, who required advice from London physicians. He was absent all day himself, and had no one to take charge of her. All he could do was to provide her with a good supply of books, and to suggest that she might vary her occupation, and add to her knowledge, by observing the afternoon arrangements of their opposite neighbour. He returned home in the evening with some misgivings, but found his little niece very bright and cheerful. He asked her how she had enjoyed herself. "Oh, very much indeed," she answered, for she had been watching all the afternoon the callers on the great lady opposite. "And what have you learnt?" was the next question. "Well, uncle, I have learnt how many men it takes to get a lady out of her carriage up to the drawing-room. It takes just five men; and, now I really understand it, I don't see how it could be done with one less." One should be thankful that some amusement may be got out of what those who suffer under it must find such a grievous infliction.

One other illustration of this part of our subject will be sufficient. A curious ceremony is repeated at intervals during the London season, which may be regarded as one of the most successful efforts of the kind yet invented. On a given afternoon some twenty splendid equipages belonging to members of the Four-in-hand Club muster in Hyde Park. The coaches are built on the model of the old Tally-hos and Quicksilvers of forty years ago, and therefore entirely answer the purpose of being quite useless except for show. Each of them cost perhaps 500*l.*, and to each are harnessed four magnificent horses, worth at least another 1,000*l.* Upon these wait two grooms in faultless breeches, top-boots, and coats, neither of whom stands there under from 80*l.* to 100*l.* a year. When they are all mustered they start with much solemnity, and often no little difficulty, and proceed at a very moderate pace, not, I imagine, without serious interruption to the ordi-

nary business traffic, to Greenwich, where—they dine—that is all. I am not saying, remember, that there is anything morally wrong in all this. I only quote these as some of many methods of ingenious and useless expenditure.

But do not let it be supposed that I am taking instances from one class only, or that I think any special blame attaches to that class. The grooves run, and grow deeper and deeper, wherever property accumulates in masses. Look at our City Companies, the heirs of the old guilds. An enormous proportion of their funds, as we all know, goes in feasting with no object whatever. The best members of these companies deplore the fact. Many of the companies (at least in London) are making efforts to get out of the old groove, are for instance trying to establish schools of technical education in their particular trades. The extreme difficulty which they experience in this laudable effort only proves how deep the grooves of expenditure are in an old country and a complicated civilization. The same remark applies to our noblest institutions; for instance, to the University to which I have the honour to belong. It is commonly rumoured that the Commission now inquiring into its revenues will report that they amount to upwards of 400,000*l.* annually. But the number of students educated there does not on an average of years reach 1,300, and almost all of these must expend, in addition, large sums of their own, in order to avail themselves of the education offered by the University. All the best minds of Oxford are dissatisfied, and intent on the problem of how to use their revenues in the most effectual way for the higher education of the nation. But here, too, custom is fearfully strong, and the ancient grooves very deep.

But why need we travel away from home in this matter, my friends? Which of us is not the slave of custom in his own household? Who does not spend the greater part of his income for conformity? Let him who can answer "I," cast the first stone at our millionaires, our corporations, our universities. "When riches increase, they are in-

creased that eat them; and what comfort hath a man of them, save the beholding of them with his eyes?" was said 2,000 years ago, and will be true 2,000 years hence.

It has often struck me that Emerson's wonderful contrast of the maker and the inheritor of riches, applies with equal force to communities as to individuals. I make no apology for quoting it at length, as I know not how I could sum up the matter so vividly or so tersely.

"Consider further the difference between the first and second owner of property. Every species of property is preyed on by its own enemies, as iron by rust, timber by rot, cloth by moths, provisions by mould, putridity, or vermin; money by thieves, an orchard by insects, a planted field by weeds and the inroad of cattle, a stock of cattle by hunger, a road by rain and frost, a bridge by freshets. And whoever takes any of these things into his possession, takes the charge of defending them from this troop of enemies, or of keeping them in repair. A man who supplies his own want, who builds a raft or a boat to go a-fishing, finds it easy to caulk it, or put in a thole-pin, or mend the rudder. What he gets only as fast as he wants for his own ends, does not embarrass him, or take away his sleep with looking after. But when he comes to give all the goods he has year after year collected, in one estate to his son—house, orchard, ploughed land, cattle, bridges, hardware, wooden-ware, carpets, cloths, provisions, books, money—and cannot give him the skill and experience which made or collected these, and the method and place they have in his own life, the son finds his hands full—not to use these things, but to look after them, and defend them from their natural enemies. To him they are not means, but masters. Their enemies will not remit; rust, mould, vermin, rain, sun, freshet, fire, all seize their own, fill him with vexation, and he is converted from the owner into a watchman or a watch-dog to this magazine of old and new chattels. What a change! Instead of the masterly good-humour, and sense of power, and fertility

of resource in himself; instead of those strong and learned hands, those piercing and learned eyes, that supple body, and that mighty and prevailing heart, which the father had, whom nature loved and feared, whom snow and rain, water and land, and beast and fish, seemed all to know and to serve, we have now a puny, protected person, guarded by walls and curtains, stoves and down-beds, coaches and men-servants and women servants, and who, bred to depend on all these, is made anxious by all that endangers those possessions, and is forced to spend so much time in guarding them, that he has quite lost sight of their original use, namely, to help him to his ends, to the prosecution of his love, to the helping of his friend, to the worship of his God, to the enlargement of his knowledge, to the serving of his country, to the indulgence of his sentiment; and he is now what is called a rich man—the menial and runner of his riches.”

And what, then, is the remedy for all this? No one, I hope, who owns our name is going to sit down quietly in the belief that the English race is for the future to live on as the menial and runner of the vast riches it has accumulated. One suggestion occurs at once. “O rich man’s son,” says another American poet—

“O rich man’s son, there is a toil  
Which with all others level stands:  
Large charity can never soil,  
But only whiten soft white hands.  
This is the best crop from thy lands—  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

“O poor man’s son, scorn not thy state;  
There is worse weariness than thine  
In only being rich and great:  
Toil only makes the soul to shine,  
And makes rest fragrant and benign.”

Large charity! Well, but does not the word charity stink in our nostrils? Have not all our best social reformers been preaching for years—have they not proved to demonstration—that by far the greater part of our lavish expenditure in our vaunted charities has been mischievous, fostering the evils it was meant to cure, until we have come to doubt whether it would not have been

better for the nation had all the money so applied been put in a bag and thrown into the sea? I fear that this is so; but only because we have misused the word, and perverted the idea. We have given our cheques, large or small, as a customary toll, and felt a kind of virtuous self-complacency in seeing our names printed in subscription lists, without the honest care and thought which alone could make the gift of any value. We have yet to learn the meaning of the phrase, which has become cant in our mouths.

It is not so in Mr. Lowell’s. The “large charity” he speaks of is “a toil”—a toil “level with all others”—a work which will tax intellect and heart as severely as the most arduous careers which the State, professions, commerce, hand labour, offer to their servants. That is what the guiding of wealth must come to if this nation is to hold her own; and the time surely presses; to-day is “the day of her visitation.” Why should it not come to be so? Our highest born, our ablest, our most cultivated men, give themselves gladly to the most arduous toil for the commonwealth. Our Secretaries of State ask for no Nine Hours Bill, have no private ends to serve, leave office poorer than they enter it; are ready, all the best of them, to sacrifice popularity, to endure obloquy, misrepresentation, the storm of angry faction, so only that they may be true to their trust. The owners of counties and of millions must come to look on their calling in the same spirit, and to work in it with like zeal. Here and there already we hear of such men—of some great landlord whose whole energies are devoted to building up a better and nobler life in the many homes which stand on his domains; of some successful merchant or manufacturer, who, like Sir Josiah Mason, pours back without stint the streams of gold which his enterprise has attracted, and watches and guides them with his own eye and word. They may be rare enough to-day. We may still have to wince under stories of men cleared off the land that game may abound; of the lust of our

proprietors to add field to field that they may be alone in the land; of the ambition of our successful traders to found families and make what they call "a place"—"*Solitudinem faciunt, placem appellant.*" But the signs are in the air that the end of all this is at hand.

And what openings, what careers, does England offer to the man who will hold his wealth as a trust, and work at his trust as a profession! Here is a Whitechapel, a Bethnal Green, a St. George's in the East, lying in shameful misery and squalor, almost in mid-London, preyed on by the owners of the wretched hovels which do duty for houses. Almost every great town has its own squalid and therefore dangerous end; and there are dozens of young men amongst us at this moment, any one of whom might resolve to-morrow, quietly: "This junketing, four-in-hand, dawdling life is too hard for me. By God's help I will rebuild Whitechapel." Half a million of money, ten years' work, with a strong will and a clear head, and it would be done.

There are hundreds of miles on our coasts which the bravest sailors pass with anxious brow and compressed lips in bad weather. Another of our *jeunesse dorée* might well say, "This coast, rugged though it be, is not so rugged that it cannot be mastered. If money and persistence can do it, I will make harbours of refuge here, which shall be open in all weathers to the ships of all the world."

Mines and mills are fouling and poisoning the streams in many a fair English vale, in which the fathers of this generation caught trout and grayling. "They shall run as pure and bright as ever if I live another ten years," would be a resolve worthy the life of a brave man to accomplish. Such undertakings as these would no doubt tax the will and the brain as severely as the purse. The man who with the money at his command could rebuild Whitechapel, or cleanse the streams of a manufacturing county, must be one of great capacity. But no one has ever denied the possession of ability or energy to our richest class, and there are besides many other more obvious outlets for work of this kind open to less

ambitious millionaires. For instance, we read in the papers only the other day that the 130,000*l.*, the remains of the Lancashire Relief Fund, is to be applied to the erection of a Convalescent Hospital in that great county. Unless I misread the accounts, it would seem that there is no such institution at present in Lancashire. That one fact speaks volumes of the arrears of work. Convalescent hospitals are rare all over the kingdom, and yet they are precisely a kind of institution to which none of the hack objections apply. To build and endow one of sufficient capacity to receive the convalescent patients of a great hospital would be, one would think, well worth the expenditure of a few years' income, and would not tax too severely the brains of any man. A very moderate amount of common sense and business-like attention to detail would be all that would be required.

But whether it be in the ways suggested, or in some other, the thing must be done, unless we would see a dangerous state of things follow these years of prosperity. Respect for vested interests, for the institution of property, is strong amongst us, stronger probably than in any other nation; but there are signs, which we should do well to note, that there are strains which it will not bear. Of these I will only instance one—the aggregation of land in fewer and fewer hands. I believe you have instances of the same kind here in the North as we have in Southern England, of great capitalists—sometimes peers, sometimes new men—who are literally buying up all the land in certain districts which comes into the market. Within my own memory and observation almost all the yeomen, and a large proportion of the smaller squires, in the neighbourhood I knew best as a boy, have been bought out in this way. The last time I was there, there were three or four squires' houses uninhabited, and tenant farmers, or bailiffs, or gamekeepers, in the old yeomen's houses. Now, the chief argument for a landed aristocracy is, that it places a highly cultivated person, a man of fortune and leisure, at the head of each small section of the

community, whose own influence and the influence of his family will spread refinement, courtesy, and the highest kind of neighbourly feeling into the humblest homes which surround his own. But all this vanishes when one man owns estates in half a dozen counties. If he has houses in each he can't live in them all, any more than he can eat four legs of mutton at once. More probably the houses have been first allowed to fall into decay and then pulled down; so that a great man's ownership is more likely than not, nowadays, to involve the loss of just that element of old-fashioned country life which was most valuable and humanizing. The land with us is so limited in area, so necessary to human life, so much desired, that this kind of monopoly of it, if carried much further, will prove, I am convinced, the most dangerous weakener of the respect for property, and with it of the position of the aristocracy, that has yet made itself felt. If rich men with the land fever will not limit themselves to one big house and one estate, the law will before long do it for them, and they will be lucky if it stops there. The case was pithily put the other day by a writer, arguing that absolute freedom of contract in the case of an article indispensable to the community, and of which there is a monopoly, cannot be endured:—"If John Smith owned the air, John Smith would have to sell the air on terms endurable to the majority, or John Smith would be hanged—not unjustly, for States have rights of existence—on the nearest lamp-post."

But I am straying from my subject, so, without marshalling further proofs, would only express my own conviction that there are other methods of spending, common enough amongst us, not obviously vicious and degrading (such as horse-racing, as it is now practised), but, on the contrary, held in esteem and respect, which are likely, if persevered in, to prove dangerous.

Therefore I say that those who have the deepest interest in things as they are would do well, even by way of insurance, if for no higher motive, to de-

vote some attention and careful labour to this matter of spending well. That there is urgent need of getting in the first place clear ideas on the subject, all will allow who have glanced at a controversy in the press, raised by an expression in the recent lecture by Mr. Goldwin Smith already referred to, to the effect that unproductive expenditure—on luxurious living and superfluous servants, for instance—"consumes the income" of so many poor families. One had supposed that the distinction between productive and non-productive expenditure, and that the one benefits the community and the other does not, had been pretty clearly established for a generation or so in the minds of all who study such questions. But it has now again been maintained, by serious writers in serious journals, that this is all delusion—that the wages of the soldier, the policeman, the judge, and the valet, must all stand in the same category, and are all postulates and conditions without which production could not go on! This may be consoling doctrine for the plutocracy, for all indeed who keep valets; but I am certain it is dangerous to the community.

And, I must say, I am myself hopeful that we are on the way to a far better state of things in this respect. Whence the impulse comes is not easy to determine; from many sources, no doubt, possibly to some extent from example. Upon most social problems we have perhaps little to learn from our American cousins, but upon this particular one much. Few things struck me more in the United States than the scale upon which private citizens are undertaking and carrying out great works for the public good. Girard's College in Philadelphia, Harvard College in Massachusetts, are well-known instances of what past generations have done while the country was poor and struggling; but now that it is growing at a pace which will soon make it the richest and most populous of nations, there is every sign of a growing public sentiment, that it is disgraceful in those whom society has enabled to gather vast riches, not to return to society with an open hand.



I might multiply instances, were there need to do so. It seemed to me, I must say, that whereas with us a Sir Josiah Mason is a somewhat rare phenomenon—with our cousins he is becoming quite an ordinary product of the soil. It may be that the difference of social institutions accounts in great measure for this; that while wealth is made there as rapidly as in England, the English temptation to "found a family" and "make a place" is wanting; and that the natural desire to leave a mark expends itself in Cooper Institutes and Cornell Universities. But whatever may be the cause, there is the fact, and it is a fact from which I think we may at least draw this encouragement: that extreme democratic institutions do not apparently cripple or narrow public spirit in this direction of money-spending. And I cannot but think that, as well considered and public-spirited expenditure becomes larger and more common, a good deal of the purely burthensome and conventional part of luxurious expenditure will drop off. When it becomes the correct thing for our rich men to build harbours and endow colleges, it won't take five men-servants to get their wives out of their carriages and up to their drawing-rooms. But again let me repeat that the richest class are no more sinners than the rest of us. To live simply, to master and control our expenditure, is a sore need in all classes. The influences which surround us, the ideas in which we have been brought up, the habits which we fall into as a second nature, all sway us in the same direction. Every family and every class seems to have caught hold of the skirts of the one above it, and to be desperately holding on. Well, as Mr. Goldwin Smith says in the lecture to which I have already referred more than once, the best thing they can do is to let go—the only thing indeed which will give themselves any comfort or make their lives of real use in their generation. The moment they will do so, and begin resolutely to live without regard to what their neighbour on the right spends on carriages, or their neighbour on the left in upholstery, they will

find themselves rich for all good purposes. From that moment it can no longer be said of us with truth, that we dare not trust our wits to make our houses pleasant to our friends, and so we buy ice-creams. And this most needed of all reforms is just the one which every soul of us can carry through for himself or herself. We cannot sweep our whole street. No doubt. But every one of us can sweep his own doorstep, and, if he will do it quietly and regularly, anon his right and left hand neighbours follow, and before long the whole street is swept. And in this way, and by this means, can almost all those social tangles which we have been glancing at casually this evening be set right. Simple living! To it even the great household question, at once the most ridiculous and the most harassing of social troubles, will in the end yield, will begin at once to look not wholly insoluble and hopeless. Speaking of this sore question in the *Nation* the other day, one of the wittiest of American essayists took up the cudgels for Bridget (the Irish servant girl, or help) against her numerous accusers. "My good friends," he argued, "what else have you any right to look for? The things which American life and manners preach to her are not patience, sober-mindedness, faithfulness, diligence, and honesty; but self-assertion, discontent, hatred of superiority of all kinds, and eagerness for physical enjoyment;" and the words come home, I fear, with singular force to us islanders also in these days. Let us hope that the picture of the good coming time which he goes on to draw may prove true for us also. "Whenever the sound of the new Gospel which is to win the nations back to the ancient and noble ways is heard in the land, it is fair to expect that it will not find her ears wholly closed; and that when the altar of duty is again set up by her employers, she will lay on it attractive beefsteaks, potatoes done to a turn, make libations of delicious soup, display remarkable fertility in sweets, an extreme fondness for washing, and learn to grow old in one family."



## CHURCH REFORM BY COMPREHENSION,

A.D. 1659 AND 1873.

"The History of the Comprehension Bill presents a remarkable contrast to the history of the Toleration Bill. The two bills had a common origin, and, to a great extent, a common object. They were framed at the same time, and laid aside at the same time; they sank together into oblivion; and they were, after the lapse of several years, again brought together before the world. Both were laid by the same Peer on the table of the Upper House; and both were referred to the same select committee. But it soon began to appear that they would have widely different fates. The Comprehension Bill was indeed a neater specimen of legislative workmanship than the Toleration Bill, but was not, like the Toleration Bill, adapted to the wants, the feelings, and the prejudices of the existing generation. Accordingly, while the Toleration Bill found support in all quarters, the Comprehension Bill was attacked from all quarters, and was at last coldly and languidly defended even by those who had introduced it. About the same time at which the Toleration Bill became law with the general concurrence of public men, the Comprehension Bill was, with a concurrence not less general, suffered to drop. The Toleration Bill still ranks among those great statutes which are epochs in our constitutional history. The Comprehension Bill is forgotten. No collector of antiquities has thought it worth preserving. A single copy, the same which Nottingham presented to the Peers, is still among our Parliamentary records, but has been seen by only two or three persons now living. It is a fortunate circumstance that, in this copy, almost the whole history of the Bill can be read. In spite of cancellations and interlineations, the original words can easily be distinguished from those which were inserted in the committee or on the report."

MACAULAY, *Hist. Eng.* iii. 89. Ed. 1855.

AN unauthorized man of peace who should appear between two armies harnessed for the battle, must expect to be attacked by both hosts at once. Yet if he has the courage of his opinions, he will do his best to deliver his message, believing that blessed are the peacemakers, and believing that Peace, if only she could be seen, would command the allegiance of both hosts.

So, though Church-defence and Church-destruction furnish combatants enough, and eager enough, to desolate England, a voice may be raised, ere it is quite too late, to plead before both armies for mutual concession, and to urge on the rulers of the National Church and of the nation the wisdom of timely and comprehensive reform.

By comprehensive reform we mean such alteration in the laws and liturgy of the Church as would admit Protestant Nonconformist ministers to the offices of the Established Church, and enable Protestant Nonconformist laymen cheerfully to submit to her ritual and heartily to enjoy her services.

Such an attempt must seem too

latitudinarian to some among us; and to others must seem to forget what they may term the mother of us all.

To the last we would reply, With the Church of Rome it is not possible to come to any terms. She has a political organization as well as an ecclesiastical, and the only terms she will grant to us are those of unconditional surrender.

To the first we must frankly say, We look upon the divisions of Christians as one of the main causes of the practical Heathenism of our villages, the practical Atheism of our towns. We look upon many of the points on which we Protestants differ as infinitely little, and we remember that the points on which we Protestants agree are infinitely great. We acknowledge the same all-loving Father of us all; the same Christ Jesus, the Saviour of us all; the same Holy Ghost, the ever-living Spirit. We acknowledge one Baptism; though as to time and manner we have minor differences, easily explained, and obviously reasonable in their small divergence. We acknowledge one Holy Communion of the Supper of the Lord;

though in the manner of the breaking of the bread and the receiving of the elements we have minor differences also, none of them proceeding from aught but honestly conceived reverence to the one common Master and Redeemer of us all. We have the same translation of the Bible, the same hopes of heaven, the same sense of sin, the same need of grace, the same hungering and thirsting after righteousness, the same eternity.

That men and women so bound together by God's providence should let themselves be torn asunder by God's worship, is an intolerable evil if it be not incurable, and that it is not incurable we have an ardent hope.

One golden opportunity was lost in 1689, when the extreme High-Churchmen, and the Nonconformists alike, secured the postponement of the Comprehension Bill brought in by Nottingham, a moderate High-Churchman.

The history of the Bill may be read in Macaulay's eleventh and fourteenth chapters; and few pages of Macaulay are more interesting to lovers of the Church of England, than those wherein he gives the history of that Bill.

Brought in by Nottingham,<sup>1</sup> it was

<sup>1</sup> The influence of Tillotson on this Bill may perhaps be seen from an entry in his commonplace-book, entitled "Concessions which will probably be made by the Church of England for the union of Protestants; which I sent to the Earl of Portland by Dr. Stillingsfleet, Sept. 13, 1689 :"—

"1. That the ceremonies enjoined or recommended in the Liturgy or Canons, be left indifferent.

"2. That the Liturgy be carefully reviewed, and such alterations and changes therein made as may supply the defects, and remove, as much as is possible, all grounds of exception to any part of it, by leaving out the apocryphal lessons, and correcting the translation of the Psalms used in the public service, where there is need of it; and in many other particulars.

"3. That instead of all former declarations and subscriptions to be made by ministers, it shall be sufficient for them that are admitted to the exercise of their ministry in the Church of England, to subscribe one general declaration and promise to this purpose, viz.—'That we do submit to the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the Church of England, as it shall

referred to a Select Committee of the House of Lords. Its last clause appointed a Commission (to prepare desirable changes in the Liturgy), among whose thirty members no layman was to sit. An amendment proposed that it should be a Mixed Commission, part clerical, part laymen. The numbers on the division proved exactly equal. The amendment was therefore lost.

The Bill came down to the House of Commons, only to be shunted. It was agreed that Convocation should be summoned, and that the Comprehension Bill should not reappear in the House of Commons till Convocation had discussed it.

Still the Ecclesiastical Commission was issued. The practical net result of its labours was nothing; for the changes the Commission proposed, though many of them have been adopted in the

be established by law, and promise to teach and practise accordingly.'

"4. That a new body of ecclesiastical canons be made, particularly with regard to a more effectual provision for the reformation of manners, both in ministers and people.

"5. That there be an effectual regulation of ecclesiastical courts, to remedy the great abuses and inconveniences which by degrees, and length of time, have crept into them; and particularly, that the power of excommunication be taken out of the hands of lay officers and be placed in the bishop, and not to be exercised for trivial matters, but upon weighty and great occasions.

"6. That for the future, those who have been ordained in any of the foreign reformed Churches be not required to be re-ordained here, to render them capable of preferment in this Church.

"7. That for the future none be capable of any ecclesiastical benefice or preferment in the Church of England, that shall be ordained in England otherwise than by bishops; and that those who have been ordained only by presbyters shall not be compelled to renounce their former ordination. But, because many have, and do still doubt of the validity of such ordination, where episcopal ordination may be had, and is by law required, it shall be sufficient for such persons to receive ordination from a bishop in this or the like form :—'If thou art not already ordained, I ordain thee,' &c., as in case a doubt be made of anyone's baptism, it is appointed by the liturgy that he be baptized in this form : 'If thou art not baptized, I baptize thee,' &c."

Birch's *Life of Tillotson*, edition of 1753. Tonson and others, p. 168.

American Prayer Book, were such as the Lower House of Convocation, with Jane for its Prolocutor, would not even discuss.<sup>1</sup>

The Comprehension Bill is worth reprinting, and through the kindness of Mr. Lefevre, and Mr. William Rathbone, the member for Liverpool, we have obtained a copy, which is so printed as to show every partial obliteration and every interlineation existing in the original copy, now in the archives of the House of Lords. The numbers are our own, for facility of reference; and a letter is appended to a number wherever the paragraph was cancelled or crossed out by the promoters of the Bill.

*An Act for the Uniting their Majesties Protestant Subjects.*

1. Whereas the Peace of the State is highly concerned in the Peace of the Church which therefore at all times but

<sup>1</sup> The judgment of Burnet on the failure of the attempt at comprehension is worth remembering, if only for its complacency:—"But there was a very happy direction of the providence of God observed in this matter. The Jacobite clergy, who were then under suspension, were designing to make a schism in the Church, whensoever they should be turned out and their places should be filled up by others. They saw it should not be easy to make a separation upon a private and personal account, they therefore wished to be furnished with more specious pretences; and if we had made alterations in the Rubric and other parts of the Common Prayer, they would have pretended that they still stuck to the ancient Church of England, in opposition to those who were altering it and setting up new models; and, as I do firmly believe that there is a wise Providence that watches upon human affairs and directs them, chiefly those that relate to religion; so I have with great pleasure observed this in many instances relating to the revolution. And upon this occasion I could not but see that the Jacobites among us, who wished and hoped that we should have made these alterations which they reckoned would have been of great advantage for serving their ends, were the instruments of raising such a clamour against them as prevented their being made. For by all the judgments we could afterwards make, if we had carried a majority in the Convocation for alterations, they would have done us more hurt than good."

BURNET'S *History of His Own Time*, Bohu's edition, 1857, p. 544.

especially in this conjuncture is most necessary to be preserved In Order therefore to remove occasions of Difference and dissatisfaction which may arise among Protestants Be it Enacted by the King and Queen's most excellent Majesties by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and

Temporal and of the Commons <sup>in</sup> of this present Parliament assembled and by the authority of the same That in order to y<sup>e</sup> being a Minister of this Church or the taking, holding, and enjoying any Ecclesiastical Benefice or promotion in the same no other Subscriptions or Declarations shall from henceforward be required of any person but only the Declaration mentioned in a Statute made in the thirteenth year of the Reigne of the King Charles the Second Intituled An Act for the more effectual preserving the King's person and Government by disabling Papists from sitting in either House of Parliament and also this declaration following viz:

submit to the present constitution of the Church of England I acknowledge that  
I: A: B. doe  $\wedge$  approve of the Doctrine the Doctrine of it contains in it all things necessary to Salvation and I will con- and Worshipp and Government of the forme myselfe to the Worshipp and the Church of England by Law Established government thereof as Established by as-containing all things necessary to Law and I solemnely  
Salvation and I  $\wedge$  Promise in y<sup>e</sup> exercise of my Ministry to Preach and practice according thereunto.

2. And Be it further Enacted by the Authority aforesaid, that in order to the being Collated or Instituted into any Benefice or Promotion noe more or other oaths shall be required to be taken of any person than only the two

$\wedge$  oaths of fidelity mentioned in the late Statute made in the first year of the Reigne of King William and Queen Mary Intituled An Act for removing and preventing all Questions and Disputes concerning the assembling and sitting of this present Parliament and the Oath of Residence  
alsoe the oath of Simony  $\wedge$  any Statute

or Canon to the contrary notwithstanding.

3. And Be it further Enacted by the Authority aforesaid, that the Two Declarations aforesaid shall be made and ~~the said Oaths of fidelity taken~~ mentioned in the said Statute made in the first year of the Reigne of King William and Queen Mary shall be taken

and subscribed  $\wedge$  in the presence of the Bishop or his Chancellor or the Guardian of the Spiritualities by every person that keeps any Publicke Schoole and alsoe the said Oathes and Declarations together with the said Oathes of Simony and Residence by every person

is to receive any Holy Orders or  $\wedge$  that is to have a Lycence to Preach any Lecture or that is to be Collated or Instituted into any Benefice, or that is to be admitted into any Ecclesiastical dignity or Promotion before such his Ordination Lycencing, Collation, Institution or Admission respectively.

4. And Be it further Enacted that every person that shall from henceforward take any Degree in either of the Universities or any Fellowship Headship or Professors-place in the same shall before his Admission to that Degree or Fellowship or Headship or Professors-place subscribe the aforesaid mentioned in the said Statute made in the first year of the Reigne of King William and Queen Mary

Declarations and take the said Oaths  $\wedge$  of fidelity in the presence of the Vice-Chancellor or his Deputy, and ~~every person likewise that shall be admitted to be Master of any Free School shall make the said Declarations and take the said Oathes in the presence of the Bishop or Chancellor of the Diocese.~~

[5.] Provided that if any of the persons hereinbefore required to make and subscribe the said Declarations be not in Holy Orders such person shall not be make and

obliged to  $\wedge$  subscribe all the Declaration hereinbefore expressed, but only submit to the present Constitution of the this part thereof viz: I: A. B. doe  $\wedge$

Church of England, I acknowledge that the Doctrine of it contains in it all things approve of the Doctrine and Worshipp necessary to Salvation and I will con- and Government of the Church of Eng-

forme myselfe to the Worshipp and the land by Law Established as containing

Government thereof as Established by Law all things necessary to Salvation  $\wedge$  together with the other declaration aforesaid mentioned in the Thirtieth said Statute made in the Thirtieth year of the Reigne of the late King Charles the Second.

6. And Be it further Enacted that the making and subscribing the said Declarations and taking the said oaths as aforesaid shall be as sufficient to all aforesaid

intents and purposes  $\wedge$  as if the parties had made all other Declarations and Subscriptions and taken all other oaths which they should have taken by virtue of any Law Statute or Canon whatsoever.

6 A. And Be it further Enacted by the Authority aforesaid that Every person already ordained by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery and not by any Protestant Bishop of the Kingdoms of England Scotland or Ireland shall nevertheless upon his desire be admitted into the Ministry of this Church by the imposition of the Bishop's hands in this forme: Take thou authority to Preach the Word of God and Administer the Sacraments and to performe all other Ministerial Offices in the Church of England. And from thenceforward he shall be as capable of being collated admitted or put into and to hold and enjoy any Ecclesiastical Benefice or Promotion; as if he had been ordained according to the forme of making and ordaining Priests and Deacons in the Church of England.

7. And Be it further Enacted by the Authority aforesaid that from henceforth noe Minister shall be obliged to wear a surplice in the time of reading Prayers or performing any other Religious Office. Except only in the King and Queen's Majesties Chappells and in all Cathedral or Collegiate Churches and Chappells of this Realme of England and Dominion of Wales Provided Alsoe that every Minister that shall not think fit to wear a surplice as aforesaid shall nevertheless be obliged to performe all y<sup>e</sup>

Publicke Offices of his Ministry in the Church in a Black Gowne suitable to his Degree.

7 A. And if it be in a place where a Gowne is not the Dayly constant Habit of the Minister, in every such place the Parish shall provide a Gowne for him to be worn by him during the time of his officiating in the Church.

8. And Be it further Enacted by the Authority aforesaid that noe Minister from henceforward shall be obliged to use the signe of the Crosse in Baptisme nor any parent obliged to have his child Christened by the Minister of the Parish if the said Minister will not use or omitt the sign of the Crosse according to the desire of the parent who in that case of the Church of England may procure some other Minister  $\wedge$  to doe it.

9. And Be it further Enacted by the Authority aforesaid that noe Minister or Ecclesiastical person shall oblige any person to find Godfathers or Godmothers for any child to be baptized soe as the Parents or Parent or other Friend of such child shall present the same to be baptized and shall answer for such child in like manner as the Godfathers and Godmothers are now required to doe.

10. And Be it further Enacted by the Authority aforesaid that noe Minister that shall officiate in the Administration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper shall deny or refuse it to any person that in a Pew or seate in the Church desires to be admitted to the same  $\wedge$  Altho' such person shall not receive it kneeling.

11. And Whereas the Liturgie of y<sup>e</sup> Church of England is capable of several additions

alterations and Improvements which may free it from exception and [may<sup>1</sup> better conduce to the Glory] of God and y<sup>e</sup>  $\wedge$

<sup>1</sup> The manuscript is here illegible, there being two or three large holes in the paper. Where the word "conduce" is printed the letters n, d, ce may be easily decyphered; the word "to" may with difficulty be made out, and there is a y before "of God." Something like the tail of a y is to be seen after "and."

Edification of the people And Whereas

the Book of Canons if <sup>is</sup>  $\wedge$  fitt to be reviewed and made suitable to the present state of the<sup>2</sup> And Whereas there are divers abuses and defects in y<sup>e</sup> Ecclesiastical Courts and Iurisdiction and particularly for Reformation or removing of scandalous Ministers And Whereas it is very fitt and profitable that Confirmation be administered with such due preparation and solemnity as is directed in the Late King Charles the Seconds Declaration concerning Ecclesiastical affairs issued in the year of our Lord 1660 And a strict care be used in the Examination of such persons as desire to be Admitted into Holy Orders both as to their Learning and Manners.

12. Wee your Majesties most dutyfull and Loyal Subjects the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and the Commons in this present Parliament assembled doe most humbly beseech your Majesties to issue out a Commission under Your Great Seale of England directed to the Archbishops and such Bishops and such others of the Clergy of the Church of England not exceeding

Thirty  
the number of Twenty in ye whole empowering and requiring them or any twelve of them to meet from time to time and as often as shall be needful and to make such alterations in the Liturgie and reformation of the Canons and Ecclesiastical Courts as may conduce to the Establishment of the Church in Peace and Tranquility and to present to the Convocation and such alterations and reformations  $\wedge$  to the Parliament that the same may be approved and Established in due forme of Law.

It will be noticed that the diction is throughout studiously and tenderly careful of the just susceptibilities of both parties; markedly so in clauses 1 and 12. The last insertion, of four words only, in the last clause, practi-

<sup>2</sup> A word is here wanting, there being another large hole in the paper.



cally threw out the whole Bill. But as Macaulay says, "In this copy almost the whole history of the Bill can be read."

It will be seen that clauses 1—6 tend to lighten the burden of subscription to clergymen, Professors at the Universities, and Heads of Houses. To some extent also they relieve Masters of what were then termed Public Schools.

6A. Would have admitted Non-Episcopalian ministers, after a brief but far from humiliating ordination, to the full position of ministers of the Established Church of England.

7. Legalizes the black gown.

7A. Lays the duty of providing the black gown on the parish.

8. Declares the sign of the Cross in Baptism to be a matter indifferent; neither to be exacted from the minister, nor to be by him imposed against the parents' wish.

9. Declares that godparents are needless in Baptism if the parents themselves will answer for the child.

10. Declares that the Lord's Supper may be received in a pew, with the recipient not kneeling.

11. Asserts the need of alterations, especially in dealing with scandalous ministers. Insists that Confirmation be made a reality by means of previous preparation; that holy orders be imposed only after strict examination into learning and morals; and with a view to these ends appoints a Commission.

The ground covered by clauses 1—6 has been so cleared by recent legislation that on this head we say nothing, except to regret that the Commissioners of 1864 did not, instead of the cumbersome, though innocent, form of subscription now in force, adopt the simple and far more intelligible form recommended in the Comprehension Bill.

6A. briefly, but in a liberal spirit, provides for the admission to all benefits and duties of full priests' orders of all Presbyterian ministers, but apparently was felt by the promoters of the Bill to be too strong a measure; and so they cancelled the clause. Probably they cancelled it in the delusive hope of conciliating men like Dr. Jane: but to

cancel this clause was to emasculate the Bill.

That there is need of some such power of receiving into the ministry of the Church of England the ministers of other Protestant Churches, if there is to be any vital or permanent comprehension at all, is clear; and if there should be a wish for such comprehension on both sides, it would not be hard to arrange the terms. One body of clergy, the Wesleyan ministers, seem by their position half Anglican already. The fathers of their Church, the Wesleys and Whitefield,<sup>1</sup> little thought of permanent severance from the Anglican Communion, and in the ordination of their earliest ministers Wesley carefully secured Episcopal American ordination. Even in the deeds of trust of some of the Wesleyan chapels,<sup>2</sup> we believe the eventual return of the whole Society to Anglican Communion is definitely contemplated and sanctioned.

<sup>1</sup> The Schedule of an Act, pointed out to us by T. Salt, Esq., M.P. for Stafford (34 and 35 Vict. Primitive Wesleyan Methodist Society of Ireland Regulations, ch. 40), purporting to re-establish Methodism on its original basis, runs thus:—

"Question 2.—What is the design of the Methodist Society?"

"Answer.—It is thus expressed by Mr. Wesley:—'A body of people who, being of no sect or party, are friends to all parties; and endeavour to forward all in heart-religion, in the knowledge and love of God and man.'

"Question 5.—Does not the Methodist Society profess to belong to the Church of England?"

"Answer.—Yes, as a body; for they originally emanated from the Church of England; and the Rev. John Wesley, the venerable founder of the connection, made a declaration of similar import within less than a year preceding his decease: viz. 'I declare once more, that I live and die a member of the Church of England; and that none who regard my judgment or advice will ever separate from it.' (See *Arminian Magazine* for April 1790.) This, however, is not now to be understood as interfering with the right of private judgment in cases where education or prejudices attach members to other Established Churches."

<sup>2</sup> The Trust Deeds of some of the Independent Churches refer to the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England as their doctrinal basis: but this, we are informed by the Rev. Dr. Morton Erown, is more rarely the case with the more recent Trusts.



Perhaps the ministers of Protestant Nonconformist Churches in England might, in most cases, be considered to be in deacons' orders already, and, consenting to be so considered, might proceed at once to be admitted to full priests' orders.

Whatever difficulties lie in the way as to agreeing on methods of mutual concession, it must at any rate be distinctly felt that if comprehension is to be realized, and is to be fruitful, it must include the comprehension of Nonconformist clergy as well as of Nonconformist laity.

The remaining clauses, 7—11, seem to require no note from the present editor, who can lay no claim to deep research or knowledge of these or kindred matters, yet who thinks a document so interesting as this Bill of 1688 should be published in an accessible form, and who desires earnestly to see Christ's people in England less divided.

The difficulty about the black gown would probably not now be thought worth the trouble of legislation. The modification of the sponsorial system was recommended and at one time carried in the Ritual Commission of 1866. Its advantages are obvious.

Since the above pages were written, an eloquent charge from the Archbishop of Canterbury, delivered at Tonbridge, has touched on this duty of Protestant Comprehension, in words too wise and weighty to be omitted now. They were spoken November 5th, the anniversary of the arrival in England of the only monarch under whose auspices any liberal effort at comprehension has been made, and they appeared in the *Times* newspaper, November 7, 1872:—

"No doubt it is also a grave and important subject for us to consider, that while men are holding out the right

hand of fellowship to the Episcopal Churches of the Continent, there are so many of our own brethren at home from whom we are estranged, and every effort which can be made to unite us more firmly in the bonds of Christian love with them seems to come to us recommended by something more practical than those endeavours to unite with foreigners, many of whom show little inclination to admit us to their fellowship, and some of whom could not admit us without our denying the great principles of our Reformed Church. Now, I am no visionary to look forward to the time when all the various denominations throughout England are to come and desire admission to the Church of England, but still I think that if we persevere in the loving, faithful discharge of our duty; if we are faithful to the formularies which we have received from the time of the Reformation; and if we show in all things where we can without any compromise of principle a hearty spirit of Christian love, there is every hope that in Christ's good time the differences which keep us apart may disappear."

Till some real movement is made for constitutional comprehension, the best means of securing mutually a better understanding of each other among Anglican and Nonconformist clergy, would seem to be greater legal liberty of interchange of pulpits, more frequent appearance at Missionary meetings side by side, and readier access to each other socially.

Without goodwill and good understanding among the clergy, no move for comprehension can possibly succeed; and even if legal union be still far off, mutual goodwill and brotherly spirit are, in themselves and for the cause of Christ, exceedingly to be desired.

T. W. JEX-BLAKE.

THE ARYAN RACES OF PERU.<sup>1</sup>

THERE is an attraction in the study of American antiquities something like that presented by travel in Central America. There are hopeless jungles of tradition and mythology, and mazes of barbarous names; but there is also the hope of results which will be startling and strange as the vision of that ancient city beyond the mountains, where, according to Mr. Stephens, a primeval civilization still exists. How often these hopes have proved illusory need not be told. Investigators have started from some crude hypothesis, have sought the lost tribes of Israel, or tried to prove that civilization began in the western hemisphere and travelled eastward; they have been the slaves of slight analogies, and, above all, have treated the evidence of language in the free and easy manner of philology, before Sanscrit was an open book. It was probably not so much want of curiosity as dread of some such hypotheses which prevented Mr. Prescott from entering into the question of the origin of the Inca civilization in Peru. He had no wish to be confused with speculators like Lord Kingsborough, who looked for the Israelites in America; or like Mr. Ranking, who supposed that the new world was conquered by descendants of Kubla Khan, leaving Xanadu at the head of a force of Mongols and elephants.

The title of a book published by Señor Vicente Lopez, a Spanish gentleman of Monte Video, seems at first sight as absurd as any of these guesses. That an Aryan race, speaking an Aryan language, possessing a system of castes, worshipping in temples of Cyclopean architecture, should be found on the west coast of South America seems a theory hardly worthy of serious attention. It appears, indeed, to have met with no attention at all, and yet the work is a sober one, *sérieuse et de bonne*

*foi*, as the author says, who deserves the credit, at least, of patient and untiring labour in a land where the works of Bopp, Max Müller, and others, are only with very great difficulty to be obtained.

Señor Lopez's view, that the Peruvians were Aryans who left the parent stock long before the Teutonic, or Hellenic, races entered Europe, is supported by arguments drawn from language, from the traces of institutions, from religious beliefs, from legendary records, and artistic remains. The evidence from language is treated scientifically, and not as a kind of ingenious guessing. Señor Lopez first combats the idea that the living dialect of Peru is barbarous and fluctuating. It is not one of the casual and shifting forms of speech produced by nomad races, for the centralizing empire of the Incas imposed on all its provinces the language called Quichua, which is still full of vitality. To which of the stages of language does this belong—the Agglutinative, in which one root is fastened on to another, and a word is formed in which the constitutive elements are obviously distinct; or the Inflexional, where the auxiliary roots get worn down and are only distinguishable by the philologist? As all known Aryan tongues are inflexional, Señor Lopez may appear to contradict himself when he says that Quichua is an *agglutinative Aryan language*. But he quotes Mr. Max Müller's opinion that there must have been a time when the germs of Aryan tongues had not yet reached the inflexional stage, and shows that while the form of Quichua is agglutinative, as in Turanian, the *roots of words* are Aryan. If this be so, Quichua may be a linguistic missing link.

When we first look at Quichua, with its multitudes of words beginning with *Hu*, and its great preponderance of *q's*, it seems almost as odd as Mexican. But many of these forms are due to a scanty alphabet, and really express familiar

<sup>1</sup> Les Races Aryennes de Pérou. Par Vincente Lopez, 1872.

sounds; and many, again, result from the casual spelling of the Spaniards. We must now examine some of the forms which Aryan roots are supposed to take in Quichua. In the first place, Quichua abhors the shock of two consonants. Thus, a word like  $\pi\lambda\acute{\epsilon}\omega$  in Greek would be unpleasant to the Peruvian's ear, and he says *pillui*, "I sail." The *plu* again, in *pluma*, a feather, is said to be found in *pillu*, "to fly." Quichua has no *v*, any more than Greek has, and just as the Greeks had to spell Roman words beginning with *V*, with *Ou*, like *Valerius*, *Ουαλέριος*; so, where Sanscrit has *v*, Quichua has sometimes *hu*. Here is a list of words in *hu* :—

QUICHUA.	SANSKRIT.
<i>Huakia</i> , to call.	<i>Vac</i> , to speak.
<i>Huasi</i> , a house.	<i>Vas</i> , to inhabit.
<i>Huayra</i> , air, <i>aüpa</i> .	<i>Vä</i> , to breathe.
<i>Huusa</i> , the back.	<i>Vas</i> , to be able ( <i>pouvoir</i> ).

There is a Sanscrit root, *Kr*, to act, to do,—this root is found in more than three hundred names of peoples and places in Southern America. Thus, there are the Caribs, whose name *may* have the same origin as that of our old friends the Carians, and mean the Braves, and their land the home of the braves, like Kaleva-la, in Finnish. The same root gives *kara*, the hand, the Greek  $\chi\epsilon\acute{\iota}\rho$ , and *Ekalli*, brave, which a person of fancy may connect with  $\kappa\alpha\lambda\acute{o}\varsigma$ . Again, Quichua has an "alpha privative," thus, *A-stani*, means "I change a thing's place;" for *ni*, or *mi*, is the first person singular, and, added to the root of a verb, is the sign of the first person of the present indicative. For instance, *can* means being, and *Can-mi*, or *Cani*, is "I am." In the same way *Munanmi*, or *Munani*, is "I love," and *Apanmi*, or *Apani*, "I carry." So Lord Strangford was wrong when he supposed that the last verb in *mi* lived with the last patriot in Lithuania. Peru has stores of a grammatical form which has happily perished in Europe. It is impossible to do more than refer to the supposed Aryan roots contained in the glossary, but it may be noticed that the future of the Quichuan verb is formed in *s*,—I love, *Munasi*; I shall

love, *Munasa*; and that the affixes denoting cases in the noun are curiously like the Greek prepositions. After his philological labours, of which we have only given the merest sample, Señor Lopez examines the calendar. Unfortunately, all we know of this is contained in a few lines of the Père Acosta, who wrote to "point out the ridiculous prejudices of idolaters." It may be made out, that the Peruvians had a zodiac, of which the name, *Sukanga*, means the "luminous animals;" and for the tropic of Cancer, they had the Horned Stag, and for Capricorn, the Sleeping Lizard. If they came from Asia to a land of converse seasons, this change is explicable, and indeed natural.<sup>1</sup>

In his speculations on the Peruvian religion, Señor Lopez cannot escape the charge of being fanciful. There are two wholly inconsistent traditions of the origin of the Peruvians. The most generally known is that told by Garcilazo de la Vega, the son of a Spanish conqueror and an Inca princess; born shortly after the invasion, and repeating the legend told to him by his Inca relatives. According to this, the Peruvians, four hundred years before the Spanish conquest, were in the lowest condition of savage life. Marriage was unknown, and the people were Totemists, that is, believed themselves to be descended from plants and animals, as for instance, lions, serpents, crabs, bats, and sardines, and they worshipped these creatures. The Sun took pity upon men, and sent two of his own children, Manco Capac, and Manca Huaco, to introduce sun-worship, agriculture, art.<sup>2</sup> These two beings, with their descendants, created the complicated civilization which the Spaniards found in Peru. Now this tradition is intelligible enough, and obviously means that a barbarous and fetichistic race came into contact with a people who had attained to a worship of the highest forces of Nature. Just in the same manner,

<sup>1</sup> Among the Australian blacks the constellations have animal names, and the Lizard is a great power, or Kobong.

<sup>2</sup> Manco is of course Mannus, Manu, and the Santhal Maniko.

the sons of Zeus and of Apollo were once a conquering race in Greece, and so the Solar race overran India. But Garcilazo's tradition does not allow time enough for the development of the communistic despotism of Peru, and he himself admits that the great ruins on lake Titicaca belong to a time when the Incas as yet were not. Garcilazo is obviously giving the court version of the royal pedigree, and must be corrected by the legends current among the people. These were collected by Montesinos, who visited the country about one hundred years after the Spanish conquest.

From them it appears that the Peruvian civilization was not an affair of four hundred years, but that it had a chronology as long and as confused as that of the Egyptian priests. According to Montesinos, at some date near that of the deluge, America was invaded by a people with four leaders, named Ayar-manco-topa, Ayar-chaki, Ayaraucua, Ayar-Uyssu. Now Ayar, says Señor Lopez, is the Sanscrit *Ajar*, or *aje*, and means primitive chief; and *manco*, *chaki*, *aucca*, and *uyssu*, mean believers, wanderers, soldiers, husbandmen. We have here a tradition of castes, like that preserved in the four tribal names of ancient Athens. The labouring class obtained the supremacy, and its leader was named Pirhua-Manco, revealer of *pir* (*πῦρ*, Umbrian, *pir*), light. On the death of Pirhua, Manco Capac succeeded, and after him, a very long list of kings, before Sinchi Roka, whom Garcilazo makes the second Inca after Manco Capac. Now, this tradition "seems a deal more likely," as one of George Eliot's characters says, because it corresponds with the legends of such civilizations as the Egyptian, and allows time for the rise, decadence, and recovery of a civilization. Let us see how it fits with the established religion of Peru. Besides the Sun, there are four great gods, Ati, to whom we find no reference in Garcilazo,—the setting moon; Illa-tiksi Huira-kocha; Pacha-Camac, and Kon-tiksi Huira-kocha. Ati is useful to Señor Lopez in this way. She is the goddess of the setting moon, and she came into Pirhuan

or Peruvian religion through the Atumrunas, or people of Ati. These, according to the legends in Montesinos, were a powerful tribe, the builders of the enormous cities of lake Titicaca; were driven by savages from their homes, and were allowed *sedes quietas* in the north of the empire. If this be true, and if Ati be one with Hecaté, and if Hecaté be the goddess of a Pelasgian people, who regulated their years by the moon, and yielded to a stronger solar tribe in Greece, then we have another analogy between Peruvian and Pelasgian affairs. It is chiefly interesting as part of a theory that much—Señor Lopez says *all*—mythology is a mystery thrown by the priests over the calendar of early peoples. It is obvious that the sect which has the calendar in its hands possesses the very secret of a primitive race, can alone say when seed shall be sown, and at what time the gods must be appeased with sacrifice. When in a decadent age this is forgotten, not only do famines ensue, but prodigies in the heavens, and the sun really almost appears, as in the Egyptian legend, to set where he should rise, and rise where he should set. It is through such forgetfulness and decadence that Señor Lopez explains the breaks in the long line of Peruvian kings. It was after one such period of decadence that the founder of the race, Pirhua, received the name Illa-tiksi Huira-kocha, which is, being interpreted, "spirit of the abyss, giver of celestial light," a myth, says our author, of the sun rising from the sea, and therefore the myth of a nation which originally had the sun rising from the sea on the east, and consequently was not indigenous on the western coast of America. The god Pacha-Camac again, whom Garcilazo declares to be the unknown god, the Jehovah of Israel, was introduced by the Chimuas, a wild race said by Montesinos to have come from the sea. With them began the dark ages of Peru, a period of barbarism. The art of the Quipus was lost, as Plato says writing was in prehistoric times by the Athenians. The priestly class, averse

to education, burned one of the Amautas, or instructed order, who invented a new kind of characters. Civilization was restored by Sinchi Roka, who was not so much the Prometheus of the race, as Garcilazo would have him to be, as the Charles, the reconstructor of society.

Señor Lopez deserves the credit of having applied the comparative method to traditions which Mr. Prescott, perhaps, too hastily rejects. We may doubt if Ati be Hecate and Pacha-Camac Bacchus or Ptah. But when we read in Popol Vuh of how the fourth creation of men "worshipped not yet before stocks or stones, and remembered the word of the Creator and meditated on the meaning of the dawn," how they fasted in terror through the night, and greeted the morning with a hymn, we cannot but admire, among American peoples, the elements of the religion of the Vedas. Moreover, if, like Mr. Max Müller, we cannot fathom the meaning of the title Boar applied to the Creator in the relics of the American sacred book, it does not seem much stranger than the same term "heavenly Boar" applied to Vishnu in a letter from a Hindu quoted by Mr. Müller.<sup>1</sup>

Señor Lopez' weakest proofs are those derived from religion, his strongest are from language, intermediate comes the argument from architecture. It is almost enough to quote Mr. Fergusson's words, that the coincidence between the buildings of the Incas, and the Cyclopean remains attributed to the Pelasgians in Italy and Greece, "is the most remarkable in the history of architecture." "The sloping jambs, the window cornice, the polygonal masonry, and other forms so closely resemble what is found in the old Pelasgic cities of Greece and Italy, that it is difficult to resist the conclusion that there may be some relation between them."<sup>2</sup>

Mr. Fergusson concludes, however, that the *Amayra*, apparently meaning

the *Atumrunas*, style of building is opposed to this conclusion. Señor Lopez probably would explain the *Atumruna* remains as relics of a Pelasgic art even earlier than that which framed the treasure-house of Atreus.

We may end by observing, what seems to have escaped Señor Lopez, that the interior of an Inca palace, with its walls covered with gold, as described by Spaniards, with its artificial golden flowers, and golden beasts, must have been exactly like the interior of the house of Alkinous or Menelaus.

"The doors were framed of gold,  
Where underneath the brazen floor doth glass  
Silver pilasters, which with grace uphold  
Lintel of silver framed; the ring was burnished  
gold,  
And dogs on each side of the door there stand,  
Silver and golden."<sup>3</sup>

One word on the subject of institutions. Señor Lopez discovers no analogies between Peru and Persia, and yet there is that tempting fact to the philological eye, a *Per* in both. Under the Inca and Achaemenid dynasties, we find subject peoples, beneath the rule of their own chieftains. Over these again are Satraps, or, in America, members of the Inca class. This class, like the Persian nobles, consists of men of the same blood as their king, and immeasurably superior to the subdued peoples. But, both in Persia and Peru, Incas and nobles show the same absolute and religious devotion to the head of the royal family, die for Atahualpa, or cast themselves overboard to lighten the ship of Xerxes. The state of society in Peru was at least as advanced as under the Aryans of Persia. Perhaps the most definite conclusion that can be attained is this: If the language and institutions of the Peruvians had not been, as in Japan, first too quickly developed, and then stereotyped, by the absolute power of a sacred dynasty, they would probably have attained forms which are generally considered peculiar to the races speaking Aryan languages.

ANDREW LANG.

<sup>1</sup> Chips from a German Workshop, i. 333, ii. 312. Popol Vuh, pp. 211, 213.

<sup>2</sup> History of Architecture, ii. 781.

<sup>3</sup> Worsley's "Odyssey," i. 159.

## CENTRAL ASIA: A MILITARY SKETCH.

THE subject now generally known under the wide and rather indefinite name of "Central Asia," is one regarding which much has lately been written, and yet one that is not generally well understood. It excites interest because its solution affects our future in India, and yet—owing to the inaccessibility of some of the regions concerned—the real condition of matters can with difficulty be ascertained. In the following observations, I do not pretend to possess any special or exclusive means of knowledge; but having studied the subject for some time, I am in hopes that they may prove of some slight military interest.

The subject may be divided as follows:—

First.—Our present military and political position on the north-west frontier of India.

Secondly.—A concise account of the gradual advance of Russia southwards, with a sketch of the countries intervening between us.

Thirdly.—Suggestions as to what should be our line of policy towards our neighbours.

Until our arrival in the East, all the great invasions of India for centuries past had been made from the north-west; that is, from Central Asia. The original Hindoo races of India have been periodically flooded, as it were, by successive Mahommedan waves, which penetrated more or less throughout the Peninsula. When we arrived in India, the Mahommedan power was in its decline. It is not necessary for me to relate how, beginning with small trading factories on the coast, we gradually rolled back the tide of Mussulman invasion; how we raised armies, composed in great part of the natives of the country; how we advanced, and, ever conquering, saw kingdom and principality fall one after another under our sway, until at length our frontier line was pushed forward as

far as the banks of the Sutlej. Behind us we had left the descendant of the Moguls in titular sovereignty at Delhi, and before us stood Runjeet Sing, the Lion of the Punjab. This was our position thirty years ago.

Sir John Malcolm, in his "Political History of India," says:—

"The great empire which England has established in the East will be the theme of wonder to succeeding ages. That a small island in the Atlantic should have conquered and held the vast continent of India as a subject province, is in itself a fact which can never be stated without exciting astonishment. But the surprise will be increased when it is added that this great conquest was made, not by the collective force of the nation, but by a company of merchants who, originally vested with a charter of exclusive commerce \* \* \*, actually found themselves called upon to act in the character of sovereigns over extended kingdoms, before they had ceased to be the mercantile directors of petty factories."

It was in the year 1839 that, in concert with our then allies the Siekhs, we advanced with an army across the Indus, and, threading the Bolam Pass, finally reached Cabul; and it was in 1841 that that terrible disaster occurred in which we lost that army, and for the time were driven out of Afghanistan. I merely recall these events as the opening scenes in the Central Asian drama.

In 1843 we conquered Scinde, and in 1849, after the great battles of Chillianwallah and Goojerat, the Punjab fell into our possession; we crossed the Indus, and our frontier was then advanced to its present boundary, namely, to the foot of the Afghan mountains.

In speaking of the Punjab, it is often alluded to as the country of the Siekhs, as if the whole of it were inhabited by people of that race. This, however, is by no means the case. All about Lahore, Umritsur, and the lower parts of the Punjab, the great majority are of the Siekh faith, but towards the north the



inhabitants are for the most part Punjabee Mussulmen; and once across the Indus, the men of the tribes in the plains, in language, religion, race, and character, are Afghans, that is, bigoted Mahomedans.

I have said these few words on the religious aspect of the case, because it is one which necessarily affects our policy; and it will be observed, that however sharply defined is our north-west frontier in a geographical point of view, there is no such distinction between the inhabitants on either side of the border.

After the conquest of the Punjab by Lord Gough, in 1849, we inherited and adopted the former frontier line of the Sikhs—a somewhat uncertain and devious one, running for hundreds of miles along the foot of the Afghan mountains (the Soliman range). It extends from Scinde to Cashmere, and, speaking roughly, may be 800 miles long. We have crossed the Indus, and thus held a long narrow strip of flat country between it and the base of the hills. Our line is guarded by a series of detached forts and stations, the chief of which from south to north are Jacobabad, Dera Ghazee Khan, Dera Ismael Khan, Bunnoo, Kohat, Peshawur, Hoti Mundan, and Abbotabad in Hazara. We have minor posts all along at the foot of the mountains, ten or twenty miles apart. The chief position, Peshawur, standing in front of the mouth of the celebrated Kyber Pass, and commanding the main road from Cabul, is held by a considerable force of the regular army, all the others being guarded by the Punjab and Scinde native frontier forces.

We thus hold a long narrow strip of Trans-Indus country, and stand at the foot of a line of mountains full of fierce hostile tribes, with a great river at our backs. We are constantly at war at various parts of the line, and during the last twenty years as many expeditions have entered the Afghan country, to punish the border tribes for outrages on our territory. One of the chief campaigns was in 1863, against the Sitana fanatics to the north of Attock.

It is important to understand the nature of our military position on the north-west,

because it has an important bearing on our external policy.

The chief countries of Central Asia, of which I propose to say a few words before entering on the advance of Russia, are:—Cashmere and Ladak, Chinese Turkestan, Afghanistan, and the three khanates or principalities of Khiva, Bokhara, and Kokan.

Cashmere and Ladak—provinces composed almost entirely of great chains of mountains, sheltering deep and beautiful valleys—though partially under our protection and included within our border, are in reality governed by the ruler of Cashmere, who maintains his own troops, and carries on his own little wars without our help.

There is said to be a road from Cashmere northwards, up the valley of Gilgit and over the Pamir Steppe to Kokan, but it must be a mere mountain track and of little use for commerce. The Pamir Steppe is supposed to be the highest table-land in the world, and is said to be 15,000 feet above the sea, and to be studded with lakes; but it is not yet thoroughly known. Only one Englishman has yet succeeded in reaching it—the late Captain Wood, of the Indian navy, during our first occupation of Cabul. A new edition of his travels has just been published. We have a British representative in Cashmere, but no troops, and within the last few years we have also had an agent at Leh, the principal town of the outlying province of Ladak. The people of Cashmere and Ladak are for the most part poor, quiet, and inoffensive. Our chief object at present is to encourage trade from Chinese Turkestan, and to enter into political intercourse with the ruler of that country, who has lately risen to power.

There are several routes from Ladak to Turkestan, but they all lead over gigantic mountain chains, the lowest passes being nearly 18,000 feet above the sea, and for some days of the journey on most of the routes there is neither food nor forage to be had. Consequently the intercourse with China and Thibet is difficult, owing to natural obstacles, and our attempts at trade were for some years almost strangled

by the heavy duties in transit imposed by the ruler of Cashmere.

Chinese Turkestan, until lately, has been to us a sealed book. This great south-western province of China, lying between the Kuen Luen mountains to the south, the Tian Shan range to the north, and the elevated Pamir Steppe closing it to the west, contains several large and important commercial cities, namely, Khoten, Yarkund, Kashgar, Aksu, and others. The people are for the most part Turkish in nationality and Mahomedans in religion, but owing to the distracted state of the country, to the cruelty and fanaticism of the rulers and the people, it has until lately been rendered quite impossible of approach.

Within the last few years a Mahomedan ruler has arisen called Yakoob Kushbegi, who, formerly an officer of the Kokan army, has usurped the chief authority and driven the Chinese out of the province: establishing himself in Kashgar and Yarkund, he took Khoten by treachery in 1867, massacred the greater part of the male population, and marching with a large force on Aksu the following year, it capitulated. He is an unscrupulous ruler, but a man of energy and talent, and, pressed by the Chinese from the east and by Russians in the north, has sought our countenance, and is desirous of encouraging trade. Several English officials have lately visited Yarkund and been well received, and an envoy from Kashgar is now on his way to India.

Afghanistan, the country which lies just beyond our north-west border, has been so often described, and is so well known as compared to the other regions of Central Asia, that it is hardly necessary to do more than allude to a few of its general outlines. That part of it which lies on our side of the Hindoo Koosh, consists, for the most part, of narrow sheltered valleys lying between the great mountain spurs, which radiate southwards and which traverse and divide the land from end to end, one of the principal chains, the Soliman, forming its boundary with our dominions. It is a rugged and comparatively a poor country, with few good roads,

and therefore ill adapted or military movements on a large scale.

The Afghans are a brave, hardy, and fierce people, fond of fighting for fighting's sake; incessantly quarrelling amongst themselves, but ever ready to combine against others. They are fanatical, revengeful, and cruel, and have suffered long under the misery of wretched government and distracted rule which seems now to be one of the distinguishing features of all the countries of Central Asia. Along our immediate border there are a number of tribes varying in strength, who, though Afghans in race, religion, feeling, and language, are professedly independent of each other, and of the chief ruler at Cabul. Although Afghanistan is so shut off by a screen of mountains, still there is a considerable amount of trade carried on between us; the two chief roads being by the Bolam and Kyber Passes. There is, however, not much reciprocity of feeling on their part; for although we allow them to travel freely in our country, and to trade in our bazaars, no Englishman dare venture alone even to the foot of their mountains, much less enter their country.

The kingdom, if it can be so called, consists of a number of rather loosely-knit states, most of them lying to the southward of the Hindoo Koosh range. The chief towns are Cabul, Ghuznee, Candahar, and Herat. There are also outlying provinces to the north of the great mountain range, namely, Balkh and Badakshan, near the sources of the Oxus, adjoining Bokhara, with rather indefinite frontiers, over which the ruler of Cabul maintains a somewhat doubtful authority.

The diplomatic despatches between our own and the Russian Governments, which have just been published, relate to this portion of Central Asia, and the northern boundary of the Afghan frontier it is now agreed shall extend from the Sari-kul lake, the source of the Oxus, to Khoja Saleh.

Prince Gortchakoff's last despatch, dated as late as the 31st January, says:—

"The divergence which existed in our views was, with regard to the frontiers, assigned to the dominions of Shere Ali. The English

Cabinet includes within them Badakshan and Wakhan, which, according to our views, enjoyed a certain independence. Considering the difficulty experienced in establishing the facts in all their details in those distant parts, considering the greater facilities which the British Government possesses for collecting precise data, and, above all, considering our wish not to give to this question of detail greater importance than is due to it, we do not refuse to accept the line of boundary laid down by England. We are the more inclined to this act of courtesy, as the English Government engages to use all her influence with Shere Ali, in order to induce him to maintain a peaceful attitude, as well as to insist on his giving up all measures of aggression or further conquest. This influence is indisputable. It is based not only on the material and moral ascendancy of England, but also on the subsidies for which Shere Ali is indebted to her. Such being the case, we see in this assurance a real guarantee for the maintenance of peace."

The three Khanates or principalities, Khiva, Bokhara, and Kokan, which together form the chief portion of Central Asia—once the seat of civilization and the arts—are now, and have been for a long period of time, cursed by all the miseries of wretched government, and their fair provinces have been desolated and ruined by the hands of cruel men. Many portions of this vast country are fertile and beautiful, and are well adapted in every respect for the circumstances of peaceful and prosperous existence; and in spite of tyranny and misgovernment, parts of it (especially the valleys which lie about the upper parts of the rivers Oxus and Jaxartes) are cultivated, and comparatively prosperous: the inhabitants of the hill-sides given to pastoral pursuits, and those of the valleys engaged in agriculture and commerce. There are many large flourishing cities in the upper parts of Bokhara and Kokan. The other parts of the country, towards the Caspian and the Aral, vary much in their character, and large tracts consist of arid, almost pathless deserts, sparsely inhabited by wild nomadic Turcoman tribes.

These three principalities are independent of each other, and are often at war; but each and all of them are now being overwhelmed by that great wave of Russian invasion which, slowly but surely, is approaching from the north, and which as

surely will ere long absorb them into one common kingdom. Whatever changes the advance of Russia may make, and however much or little it may ultimately affect our position in the East, one can hardly regret that an end should be put to these governments, which for a long period of time, by their tyranny, fanaticism, and depravity, have been a curse to the people placed under their rule.

For many years past the whole country has been so unsafe for travellers, that there is scarcely an European alive who has successfully passed through it, and consequently it has been impossible to ascertain with any exactness the real condition of affairs in the three kingdoms. In a military point of view, neither Khiva, Bokhara, nor Kokan are very powerful. Bokhara is the most so, and is said to have an army of 40,000 men, and some batteries of artillery. The chief obstacles, therefore, to the Russian advance, arise from the want of adequate roads, and from the difficulties of obtaining supplies of food and water in traversing the wide sandy deserts, which extend over a great portion of the country. The distances also are great, so that it is easy to understand that any forward movement can only be made by small detached bodies, which are liable to be cut off, or to be at all events detained by the desultory attacks of the wild tribes of the desert.

#### THE ADVANCE OF RUSSIA.

The old southern boundary of Russia in Central Asia extended from the Ural, north of the Caspian, by Orenburg and Orsk, and then across to the old Mongolian city of Semipalatinsk, and was guarded by a cordon of forts and Cossack outposts. This line was no less than 2,000 miles in length, and "abutted on the great Kirghis Steppe along its northern skirts, and to a certain extent controlled the tribes pasturing in the vicinity, but by no means established the hold of Russia on that pathless, and for the most part lifeless, waste."

There is an admirable article in the *Quarterly Review* of October 1865, written, I believe, by a very high authority on the subject, which describes the position

of Russia about thirty years ago, and from which I will quote one or two extracts, before proceeding to give an account of her more recent conquests. It says:—

"A great Tartar Empire, which should unite Siberia with the fertile valleys of the Oxus and Jaxartes, had been imagined by the Russian Czars as early as the sixteenth century, and would probably have been realized, either by Peter the Great or Catherine, but for the intervening wilderness of the Kirghis Kazzacks. Extending for 2,000 miles from west to east, and for 1,000 miles from north to south, and impassable, except to a well-appointed caravan at certain seasons and along particular tracks, this vast Steppe seemed to have been placed by nature as a buffer between the power of civilized Europe, and the weakness and barbarism of Central Asia."

Then, speaking of a later date, the article says:—

"It was in 1847, contemporaneously with our final conquest of the Punjab, that the curtain rose on the aggressive Russian drama in Central Asia, which is not yet played out. Russia had enjoyed the nominal dependency of the Kirghis Kazzacks of the little horde who inhabited the western division of the great Steppe since 1730; but, except in the immediate vicinity of the Orenburg line, she had little real control over the tribes. In 1847-48, however, she erected three important fortresses in the very heart of the Steppe. These important works—the only permanent constructions which had hitherto been attempted south of the line—enabled Russia for the first time to dominate the western portion of the Steppe, and to command the great routes of communication with Central Asia. But the Steppe forts were, after all, a mere means to an end; they formed the connecting link between the old frontier of the empire and the long coveted line of the Jaxartes, and simultaneously with their erection arose Fort Aralsk, near the *embouchure* of the river."

In the meantime, in 1839, the Russians had sent an expedition from Orenburg against Khiva under Perofski; but which, having suffered from hunger, thirst, and disease in the desert of Bar-sak, north-west of the Aral, was forced to a disastrous retreat. This was about the same time that we, in like manner, were retreating from Afghanistan. The Russians having crossed the great Steppe, and having established themselves on the Jaxartes, at once transported materials for two steamers for the navigation of

the river. It was from this time that they came permanently into contact with the three great Khanates of Central Asia. They have a few steamers on the Aral, which is, however, a stormy sea, destitute of havens and encumbered with shoals.

Turning for a moment to the Caspian, it should be mentioned that by means of steamers down the Volga, and with transports and men-of-war on the Caspian, Russia is now in complete command on that great inland sea. The greater part of the western coast is within her own territory, with ports at Baku, Derbend, and other points; and on the eastern she holds fortified positions at Alexandrofski on the Mangishlak Peninsula, and at Krasnovodsk, with a certain amount of indefinite authority over the wandering tribes in the neighbouring deserts. Russia has also, for the last thirty years, had a naval station at Ashourada, in the extreme south of the Caspian, near Astrabad. Considerable discussion has lately arisen regarding an alleged seizure by Russia of the Persian frontier along the valley of the Attrek. The truth would appear to be that Persia has little authority over this portion of Khorassan, and that the only new feature is the re-establishment by Russia of a fort called Chikisliar, in the desert to the north and near the mouth of the river. A telegram from Berlin appeared in the papers a few days since on this subject. It states:—"The determination to make the valley between the rivers Attrek and Gurgan the key of the Russian position in the Caspian Steppes, is officially announced at St. Petersburg. The three minor posts round Krasnovodsk have been evacuated. Chikisliar on the Attrek is to be strengthened." Little is known to us of the valley of the Attrek, but its possession by Russia would apparently give facilities for the march of troops from the south of the Caspian to Meshed and Herat, and, therefore, the news is important, if true.

Once across the desert and secure upon the Jaxartes, the progress of Russia southwards has been comparatively easy. Each year has seen a step in advance; forts rising up in succession along the banks of the river. In 1853 the Russians had

ascended the river as far as Ak Metchet, and built a fort there, now called Perofski. The Crimean war checked their progress for a few years, but latterly it has been rapid. In the year 1864 Aulietta and Chemkend fell, and Tashkend, a flourishing city of considerable trade, the following year. Admiral Boutakoff is said to have navigated the Jaxartes for 1,000 miles in 1863. Thus in a few years Russia had reached almost to the heart of Kokan, and was in close proximity to Bokhara.

On the eastern border of the great Kirghis Steppe her progress has been equally decisive, and, the country being generally more fertile, the difficulties have been less. Her troops, leaving Semipalatinsk, marched southwards towards the Balkash Lake; and in 1854 established a military settlement, and built Fort Vernoe, north of the lake Issy-Kul. This is an important place, being at the junction of the cross roads from Semipalatinsk to Kashgar, and from Kokan to Ili or Kuldja. Then, in order more fully to secure their position, they turned westwards, and captured several Kokan forts in succession, Aulietta and Turkestan being among the number; they thus joined their eastern to their western line of advance. In his circular detailing these events, Prince Gortchakoff, in 1865, said that "the purpose of last year's campaign was that the fortified lines of the frontier, the one running from China to Lake Issy-Kul, the other stretching from the Aral along the Sir Daria, should be united by fortified points, so that all our posts should be in a position for mutual support."

Although in all these movements the Russians had encountered opposition, and had fought numerous battles, none of them were on any great scale. The numbers engaged were comparatively few, and the losses on the Russian side have always been trifling. General Tchernayeff states that he captured Tashkend with a handful of soldiers, and eight old guns, and that the whole force of Russia in Turkestan does not amount to 15,000 men. Indeed, from the causes already mentioned, that is, want of roads

and of supplies, the advances of Russia have always been made with small detachments, step by step, fortifying posts as they went. On the other hand, it is evident that none of the powers of Central Asia have the means of bringing large, disciplined, well-armed masses into the field.

Russia, in 1864, had thus not only left the desert behind, but found herself in possession of several large and flourishing cities, in a fruitful well-cultivated country; a country in which corn and cotton are grown in considerable quantities, and in which mines of the precious metals and also of coal exist. Kokan is at her mercy, and Bokhara hardly less so. Envoys from Kokan visited India in 1860 and in 1864, to ask for support, but were not successful. Tashkend had fallen in 1865, and Khojend was captured the following year. The battle in May 1866, which preceded the fall of that city, is the most considerable that has occurred, and is called the battle of "Irdjar." The Emir of Bokhara commanded in person on the occasion, and is said to have had twenty-one pieces of artillery, 5,000 regular infantry, and 35,000 auxiliary Kirghis, against fourteen companies of infantry, five squadrons of cavalry, and twenty guns on the part of Russia. The fighting, however, must have been meagre, and the battle more a flight and massacre than anything else; the Russian loss being given as only twelve wounded, whilst the Emir left 1,000 dead bodies on the field. He also lost his camp equipage and baggage, and returned to Samarcand with only 2,000 horse and two guns. Khojend stands on the left bank of the Jaxartes, and is surrounded by a double line of thick high walls, said to be seven miles in circuit. It was taken by escalade at the end of May, after considerable resistance. In 1868 the Russians took another decisive step; and, after another battle, the ancient and important city of Samarcand fell into their possession. Thus the heart of Bokhara has been reached, as well as that of Kokan, and although in neither case has the capital yet fallen, both may probably do so ere long. I may mention that in the winter of 1866



an envoy from Bokhara came to Calcutta to ask for assistance from England, but his mission was unsuccessful. The advanced posts of Russia, on the eastern side, are now pushed forward to the crests of the Tian Shan range, and are looking down upon Chinese Tartary, the province of Kuldja having been taken about a year and a half ago, and the Russians are said to have established a trading factory at Kashgar.

We have hitherto heard less of Khiva than of the other Central Asian principalities. The fact is, it is an isolated oasis extending along the Oxus to the south of the Aral ; is rendered difficult of approach by the surrounding deserts, and the tide of Russian advance has as yet passed southwards on each side. But its time has now come, and an expedition is being prepared for its subjection. The Russian accounts state that for a long time Khiva has been disquieting the Kirghis, plundering caravans, and refusing to surrender Russian captives. A few months since a small expedition left Krasnovodsk on the Caspian, and marched a considerable distance into the interior, its purpose probably being reconnaissance rather than conquest. It is understood that in April next three columns will advance and converge on Khiva ; the one from Emba, southwards, the second from Krasnovodsk, and the third from some point on the Sir Daria. The whole force will probably amount to about 10,000 men, a few guns and two or three thousand camels accompanying each column ; that from the Sir Daria is the one which will in all probability enter Khiva, the others holding the enemy in check. The great difficulties to be encountered are the want of water, food, and forage ; the advance of each column being for a long distance over arid deserts, inhabited by hostile wandering tribes. The people of Khiva, though brave, are badly armed, and have no real military power, and there is, therefore, no probability that they can resist for a moment the contemplated attack. We may therefore conclude, although it is not the intention to annex Khiva, that ere long the three Khanates of Central Asia will vir-

tually fall under the dominion of Russia, and that consequently the Oxus as well as the Jaxartes will be open to her as lines of communication southwards.

Before proceeding further, it may be well to turn for a moment to the map, and to observe what may be called the geographical approximation of England and Russia in the East ; and here again I will quote a sentence from the article in the *Quarterly Review* :—

“While England, in taking possession of the line of the Indus from the seaboard to Peshawur, has penetrated on one side nearly 1,000 miles into the ‘debatable land’ of former days ; Russia, on the other side, by incorporating the great Kirghis Steppe into the empire, and substituting the Jaxartes for the Siberian line of forts as her southern frontier, has made a stride of corresponding dimensions to meet us ; so that instead of the two empires being divided by half the continent of Asia as of old, there is now intervening between their political frontiers, a mere narrow slip of territory, a few hundred miles across, occupied either by tribes torn by internecine war, or nationalities in the last stage of decrepitude, and traversed by military routes in all directions.”

I propose now to consider shortly some of the routes by which it is supposed that Russia may still advance southwards. In order to reach the plains of Chinese Turkestan, the ranges of the Tian Shan must be surmounted, and efforts are now being made to improve the passes. A Russian officer, who explored the Muzart Pass, north of Kashgar, in the autumn of 1871, describes the ascent on the northern side as about thirty-three miles long, and full of difficulties. The road is a mere track, and he suffered from snowstorms and want of forage ; he had to leave his baggage and sheep behind, and on leaving the last Cossack vedettes and crossing over the crest, was forced to return. “I had hoped,”<sup>1</sup> he says, “to have gathered a more abundant crop of observations from the southern slope, but the presence of a Kashgar picquet in the immediate neighbourhood of the Col, and the scarcity of forage, compelled us to retrace our steps or to incur very grave risks. Still the excursion sufficed to confirm the fact of the existence of extensive glaciers on the

<sup>1</sup> *U. S. Magazine* of January 1873.



southern side of the Tian Shan, and also to show the extreme difficulty of the pass." Russia, like ourselves, is intent on establishing commercial intercourse with Kashgar and Yarkund; but that any danger, in a military sense, can arise to us in consequence, seems to me utterly chimerical. A year or two ago, during one of those periodical panics which, generally originating in India, occasionally sweep through the columns of the English press, there were rumours that Russia was in military possession of Chinese Turkestan, that her advanced posts had even reached Gumah in the south, and it was suddenly discovered that there existed a back door as it were to Cashmere. A "hole in the wall" it was said had been found, and people at last became so alarmed that they almost fancied they could see the Cossacks peeping through it. Then the mists cleared away—the Russians were found not to be in Chinese Turkestan, and are not there now, except as traders. Dr. Cayley, our Special Agent in Ladak, in a report in 1868, describes the nature of the country between the Punjab and Yarkund. He says—

"From Umrtsir to Leh is a distance of about 525 miles, or forty-two marches; five high passes have to be crossed, only one of which is under 13,000 feet high; the road, however, is generally easy during summer, and everywhere passable for laden ponies. From Leh to Yarkund is about 350 miles, or thirty marches, and the road goes over five high passes, the lowest nearly 18,000 feet, and three of them are covered with perpetual snow or glacier, and the road is so bad and the difficulties so great, that nearly 20 per cent. of the horses die on the journey. On nearly all the passes, too, the merchandise has to be transferred from the horses to yaks. The most intense cold has to be endured, and great obstructions are met with from large unbridged rivers, and the expense of carriage is consequently very great; but these natural difficulties seem to have little or no effect in checking the trade when it receives fair play, and is not overburdened by excessive duties."

Subsequent inquiries have proved the existence of other routes from Leh to Yarkund somewhat easier than that described by Dr. Cayley, and in which there is a greater abundance of food

and forage; but passes between 17,000 and 19,000 feet must still be surmounted, and, in my opinion, these great ranges of the Himalayas are quite impracticable for military operations on a great scale, although the routes may be made sufficiently good for a restricted commerce of light goods. Sir Henry Rawlinson said that "in all history there is no instance of an invader having ever attempted to descend upon India, either by the Polu or Chang-Chemmo route from eastern Turkestan."

There are tracks from the Pamir by Chitral southward, and from the Oxus and the outlying Afghan provinces of Balkh and Badakshan means of communication exist with Cabul, but even in this part of the country the passes over the Hindoo Koosh are very difficult, and the one most frequented at Bamian has an altitude of over 12,000 feet. It was crossed by a small English force, with a battery of Bengal Horse Artillery, during our first occupation of Afghanistan. Further to the westward towards the Caspian, where the great range of the Hindoo Koosh begins to die away into the plains, the scene somewhat changes, and several routes which chiefly converge in Herat afford greater facilities for military movements. It is this fact which gives Herat its strategical value as being on the exposed flank, as it were, of the Hindoo Koosh, and on the road to Cabul and Candahar, and, therefore, to India *via* the Kyber and the Bolam. The distances, however, are considerable (forty marches from Astrabad to Herat), and we must bear in mind that the road for the whole distance lies either in Persia or Afghanistan.

I have thus endeavoured to give a sketch of the gradual progress of Russia, and of her present position and prospects in Central Asia. It is but a sketch, but the absence of detailed information, and the very uncertainty of the boundaries of the Central Asian States, render great precision difficult. It will be evident that the Himalayas and the Hindoo Koosh, which encircle India, and run along the northern boundaries of the chief part of Afghanistan, form a natural and almost impassable barrier of the highest

importance to our position in the East. It is also evident that the only feasible approach to India is by means of roads which run through Persia and Afghanistan, and that, in consequence, these two powers become, as it were, our natural allies, the latter especially and essentially so. I have endeavoured to show that Russia, in a military sense, is still far removed from us; and that her power is widely scattered over pathless deserts, and amidst the ruins of ancient Asiatic Monarchies, and cannot easily be concentrated. There is, it is true, a large army in the Caucasus, but it is far away from the scene, and has duties and responsibilities of its own. There is no rail from Tiflis to the Caspian, and the one projected is said to have been postponed owing to the difficulties of the country.

The military position of Russia in Central Asia, is that of a great power which has recently obtained possession of a vast tract of territory, but the distances are great, and the country in many parts is a desert devoid of food and water, and is infested with hostile predatory tribes: the roads are mere caravan tracks, and railways are unknown. The Russian occupation is necessarily limited to isolated detachments, and civil government can as yet be hardly established, and although no great military power exists to beat Russia in the field in Central Asia, still the country is but half subjugated. The position is not assured, and the inhabitants being bigoted Mahomedans, may be taken for the most part as secretly hostile. It is probable that in time Russia may consolidate her conquests and concentrate her power; but at present, with the deserts behind her, with vast snowy ranges in her front, far away from the main resources of the empire, there does not seem any present prospect of her being able to entertain designs of a further advance in force, especially towards another great power—India. A consideration of the map, and of the geographical features of the country, would appear to prove that although there are paths over the Himalayas into Cashmere and the upper parts of India, they are not of a nature available for the march of armies. Mountains of

eternal snow form our natural fortifications in that direction. It is only between Herat and the Caspian that the country becomes sufficiently open and fertile for military expeditions, and as this territory belongs to Persia and Afghanistan, it is to them that we must look as allies, being in possession of the approaches of our empire. Our proper policy, therefore, is simple and well defined.

There are those, however, who see great danger in every move of Russia, and in the present aspect of affairs. Agreeing in the military importance of Afghanistan as a barrier against foreign aggression, but looking upon the people of that country as a treacherous, faithless race, likely to take either side, they advocate that we should advance at once to its conquest, seize Candahar and Herat, and thus adopt a bold attitude against all comers. This is certainly a simple and an intelligible course of action, but, judging by past experience, it would involve us in a costly, dangerous war, in a poor, rugged, inhospitable country, far away from our resources, and would bring us into collision with a race of fierce, implacable mountaineers. It would be might without right. Therefore, although the time may come when it may be necessary, in alliance with the Afghans, to push forward troops even to Herat, the period has certainly not arrived yet, and we should only rouse enmities and prejudice our position by such high-handed precipitate military tactics.

There are others again who, without going so far as to advocate the conquest of Afghanistan, propose that at all events we should penetrate the Bolam Pass, and take up a fortified position at Quetta, 130 miles beyond our present frontier. They wish to debouch, as it were, from behind the screen of mountains, and virtually to close the only easy entrance into India. In a military point of view this proposition has some advantages, but politically we should probably rouse distrust in the Persians and Afghans, and it would in my opinion be far more prudent to maintain our present treaty with the Khan of Khelat, to whom the country belongs—a treaty which he has faithfully kept, and by which, for a small annual payment, we

gain security for our traders through the Pass. The entrance to the Bolam is but sixty miles from our frontier, and we can readily acquire possession of it at any time should such a movement in advance become necessary.

Instead of conquest and annexation, we should, in my opinion, turn to conciliation whilst there is yet time, and by these means we may hope, not only to succeed in gaining our true boundary, but to induce the warlike Afghans to be our very frontier defenders. This appears to me to be the true key to our frontier policy. But then to carry it out successfully we must not hold our neighbours at arm's length as we have done for years; we must not treat this brave but jealous people in a high-handed domineering manner, as we did in 1839, and have often done since. We must try and look at the question from an Afghan point of view; we must remember that in conquering India we have invaded a great country which for centuries past they have looked on as their natural field for enterprise; that our flag now flies at the very foot of their native mountains; and poor, hungry, and ignorant Asiatics as they are, it is hardly to be wondered at that they should receive our overtures with suspicion, and view our presence with dislike. That arbitrary frontier line not only cuts them off from the fertile plains, but interferes with landed claims and tenures, which, though ill-defined, still deserve consideration. We are strong, and should be forbearing. It is very possible that in the frontier disturbances of the last twenty years they have often been in the wrong, but the hereditary instincts of centuries are not to be obliterated in a day, and their ideas of property and of right and wrong are probably more elastic than our own. We must not, therefore, judge these Afghans by too rigid an English standard. With all their faults, they are brave, hospitable, and courteous, and are possessed of a great love for their religion and their country, and they thus have many of those virtues which we esteem so highly among ourselves.

It is, however, often said that these people are fickle and faithless, and that

subsidies and conciliation, though good in theory, will fail in practice. There are of course considerable difficulties to be encountered, nor is it to be anticipated that our friendly overtures will produce any immediate striking result; but turning for a few moments to the history of our dealings with the Afghans, of recent years, it will be found that the conciliatory, friendly policy, on the only occasion when it has been fairly tried, at once bore good fruit, and that too on a very critical and momentous occasion, and in a way we little expected. The instance is as follows:—

In the year 1856, Dost Mahomed was the ruler of Afghanistan, and being anxious, for obvious reasons, that the Persians, who had then captured Herat, should be driven out of it, we entered into a treaty with Dost Mahomed accordingly. The following is the first and chief article of the treaty:—

“Whereas the Shah of Persia, contrary to his engagement with the British Government, has taken possession of Herat, and has manifested an intention to interfere in the present possessions of Ameer Dost Mahomed Khan, and there is now war between the British and Persian Governments; therefore, the Honourable East India Company, to aid Ameer Dost Mahomed Khan to defend and maintain his present possessions in Balk, Cabul, and Candahar against Persia, hereby agrees, out of friendship, to give the said Ameer one lac of Company's rupees (10,000*l.*) monthly during the war with Persia.”

The other conditions of the treaty were that the Ameer should maintain a certain force under arms, and should receive an English officer. He was also presented with 4,000 muskets. This treaty was signed by the present Lord Lawrence, who was then Chief Commissioner of the Punjab, on the 26th of January, 1857, and one result was that the Persians were driven out of Herat as we wished; but another and quite an unexpected result may be at all events in part attributed to our timely conciliation. In May 1857, only four months after the treaty was signed, the great Mutiny broke out, and the Punjab, like all the rest of India, was in extreme peril; but although it is believed that Dost Mahomed was

urged to attack us, and although it is said that thousands of Afghan horsemen were eager to be let loose across the border, it is nevertheless a fact that this great old chief, who had little cause to love us for our treatment of him in former years, did not draw the sword nor move a man against us in the hour of our dire extremity. It is of course impossible to say how far our kind reception of him, and our liberality towards him in the previous January, may have led him to remain quiescent the following May, but at least it may be concluded that our treaty was made at a very opportune moment, and to my mind it is a pregnant proof that the Afghans are not so faithless as is often asserted. Afghan nature is very much like other people's nature. Dost Mahomed died in the summer of 1863. The son of his selection, the Amcer Shere Ali Khan, now rules in Cabul, after a long civil war, and he has also received considerable support and pecuniary assistance from us. Although the mere grant of a subsidy is not the highest form of diplomacy, and although time and patience are required to prove the sincerity and disinterested nature of our friendship, still the course we are pursuing seems to be the proper one, and if we can succeed in establishing a strong government in Afghanistan, and in proving to the Afghans that *alliance* and not *conquest* is our motto, we shall have done a great deal to solve the difficulties of our frontier policy.

If we feel an interest in watching the changing scenes of Asiatic politics, and in considering the line of policy to be followed with our immediate neighbours, it becomes a matter of even higher importance to ascertain, and to weigh carefully, our own military position in India itself. The great events which have occurred within the last few years, of which the Mutiny was the prelude, render this all the more necessary. Judging from the tone of the public press, both at home and in India, there are many who, whilst seeing some cause for alarm in outward events, are almost equally apprehensive as regards our internal condition. The dread of Mahomedan disaffection; the supposed defects

in our military arrangements; and the comparatively moderate amount of our armies, are all apparently subjects on which they feel ill at ease. It does not appear to me that these apprehensions are altogether well founded; on the contrary, I see great cause for arriving at a different conclusion.

Whatever negligence or want of precaution may have led to the Mutiny, it is needless now to inquire, but the rapid campaigns by which the empire was recovered in 1857-58, the brilliant victories of our troops against all odds, the military talents developed—not only in the Generals, but in many of the subordinate officers—all speak well of our capabilities for war. Again, the severe punishment inflicted on our enemies at that time, and the subsequent clemency displayed by Lord Canning when the revolution was at an end, are proofs that we can be stern and yet not vindictive, and the remembrance of those days must endure for generations. There is nothing in history perhaps more striking than the events of that time, and the disaffected, of whom there are doubtless many, must feel how hopeless it is to stand up against the power of England; and as regards the supposed power of Russia to excite disaffection in the Mahomedan population, even should they be so disposed, I am not aware that those of that faith have much reason to love Russia.

Since the days of the Mutiny, the inhabitants of whole provinces in India have been disarmed, the native forts levelled, and their artillery removed. The strategic points of the country, the arsenals, and all the artillery are in our own hands. The means of rapid communication are increasing daily by road, rail, and river, and the telegraph is everywhere. In addition to the English troops, the native armies have been remodelled, and as a whole, in my opinion, are very efficient. There are a large number of regiments of Punjabees, Seikhs, Ghoorkhas, and other warlike races, well led, and admirable in all the best qualities of soldiers—that is, they are quiet, amenable to discipline, attached to their officers, simple and abstemious in their habits, and fond of fighting. During the

Sitana campaign of 1863, which occurred in the mountains to the north of Attock, over the border, nothing could be more admirable than their behaviour, and they vied with the English soldiers in devotion and gallantry; and although the greater part of the native regiments engaged on that occasion were composed of men raised on the frontier, and therefore of the same race, religion, and language as the tribes with which we were at war, yet there was hardly a single instance of desertion or unfaithfulness; and the native officers died at their posts by the side of our own. There are tens of thousands of men of these classes in the upper and central parts of India, who would only be too happy to join our standards. The country is rising daily in prosperity; the inhabitants enjoy a security unknown to them for ages; the whole exertions of the Government have been for years devoted to the welfare of the country, and it is contrary to all experience that evil results should follow. It is sometimes stated, as a proof of disaffection, that the Sitana fanatics, in 1863, were incited to rebellion, and assisted in men and money from the lower parts of Bengal. This is partially true, but a more contemptible result it would be difficult to find; the fanatics were hardly seen during the war; and our opposition arose from a temporary combination of the mountain tribes, in consequence of our having entered their territories without having previously informed or consulted them.

There is one subject connected with the native army in which many see some cause for misgiving, and that is the alleged paucity of English officers. Great caution, however, should be exercised in arriving at a judgment on this point, and history hardly bears out the view of those who argue in favour of more. In the early days, when natives were first levied and disciplined, and when they fought so well, there were only one or two English commanders with a regiment, and the native officers then exercised considerable power. Sir John Malcolm, in his *Political History*, speaking of the English officers, says: "They were most particular in their conduct to native officers, towards whom

they behaved with a regard and respect proportionate to the responsibility of their situations. One of those native officers, who held the rank of Native Commandant, often possessed an influence in the corps nearly equal to the European Commander. As a strong and convincing proof of this fact, it is only necessary to mention that many of the oldest battalions of the Native Army of the Company are known to this day by the name of their former Native Commandants."

Sir John goes on with great clearness to trace the gradual decline of the native troops, and to point out that it was coincident with the increase of English officers, until at last the corps became bad imitations of English regiments. He says, speaking of the English officers: "They had concurred in attempts to imitate too closely a service opposite in its very nature to that to which they belonged; and had lost sight for a moment of those principles on which the native army was formed, and by attention to which its fidelity and efficiency can alone be preserved."<sup>1</sup>

Native troops led by English officers, to the exclusion of their own, will almost infallibly fall away in military virtues.

The welfare of India, indeed, imperatively demands that the natives of the country shall be admitted to positions of trust, both in civil and military life. Sir Thomas Munro, one of the great Indian statesmen of former years, is very earnest on this matter. He says:—

"The strength of the British Government enables it to put down every rebellion, to repel every foreign invasion, and to give to its subjects a degree of protection which those of no native power enjoy. Its laws and institutions also afford them a security from domestic oppression unknown in those states; but these advantages are dearly bought. They are purchased by the sacrifice of independence, of national character, and of whatever renders a people respectable. The natives of the British provinces may, without fear, pursue their different occupations, as traders, or husbandmen, and enjoy the fruits of their labours in tranquillity; but none of them can aspire to anything beyond this mere animal state of

<sup>1</sup> The Irregular Regiments before the Mutiny, which were so celebrated, had but three English officers each.



thriving in peace; none of them can look forward to any share in the legislation, or civil or military government of their country. . . .

"With what grace can we talk of our paternal government if we exclude them from every important office, and say, as we did till very lately, that in a country containing 150 millions of inhabitants, no man but a European shall be entrusted with so much authority as to order the punishment of a single stroke of a rattan? Such an interdiction is to pass a sentence of degradation on a whole people, for which no benefit can ever compensate. There is no instance in the world of so humiliating a sentence having ever been passed upon any nation. . . .

"Even if we could suppose that it were practicable, without the aid of a single native, to conduct the whole affairs of the country, both in the higher and in all the subordinate offices, by means of Europeans, it ought not to be done, because it would be both politically and morally wrong. The great number of public offices in which the natives are employed is one of the strongest causes of their attachment to our Government. In proportion as we exclude them from them, we lose our hold upon them; and were the exclusion entire, we should have their hatred in place of their attachment; their feeling would be communicated to the whole population, and to the native troops, and would excite a spirit of discontent too powerful for us to subdue or resist."

These remarks, it may be said, were written many years ago, and the circumstances have now altered; but, as the Rev. G. R. Gleig, Chaplain-General to the Forces, writes in his *Life of Munro*, their "philosophy applies to all time and to every people."

Many other names might be mentioned, such as General Jacob, Sir Charles Napier, and Lord Ellenborough, who all more or less shared these views; but I will only give one more quotation, and that is from the writings of Sir Henry Lawrence just before the Mutiny. He was in favour of

a certain number of regiments commanded entirely by native officers. He says:—

"Legitimate outlets for military energy and ability in all ranks, and among all classes, must be given. The minds of Subadars and Resseldars, Sepoys and Sowars, can no more with safety be for ever cramped, trammelled, and restricted as at present, than can a twenty-feet embankment restrain the Atlantic. It is simply a question of time. The question is only whether justice is to be gracefully conceded or violently seized. Ten or twenty years must settle the point."

I am aware that in these remarks I am but treading as it were on the margin of a great question, one on which opinions differ, and I am also aware that many of those in authority connected with India agree in the necessity of placing natives in high positions, and that steps are gradually being taken in that sense; and I would only urge that our measures should be less nervous and hesitating, as our position in the East depends in great measure on the happiness and contentment of our native subjects.

To conclude. In my opinion the most formidable power in the East is British India. With a Government devoted to the best interests of the country, with a splendid army, an assured position, mistress of the seas, I can perceive no other which can approach our own in strength and safety. The shadow of our power falls far away over the mountains of Afghanistan, and the knowledge that our empire is founded, not on principles of aggression, but on those of justice and moderation, will prove a far safer bulwark even than the snowy ridges of the Hindoo Koosh.

JOHN ADYE,  
Brigadier-General R.A.

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